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No. 1239
26 June –
9 July 2009
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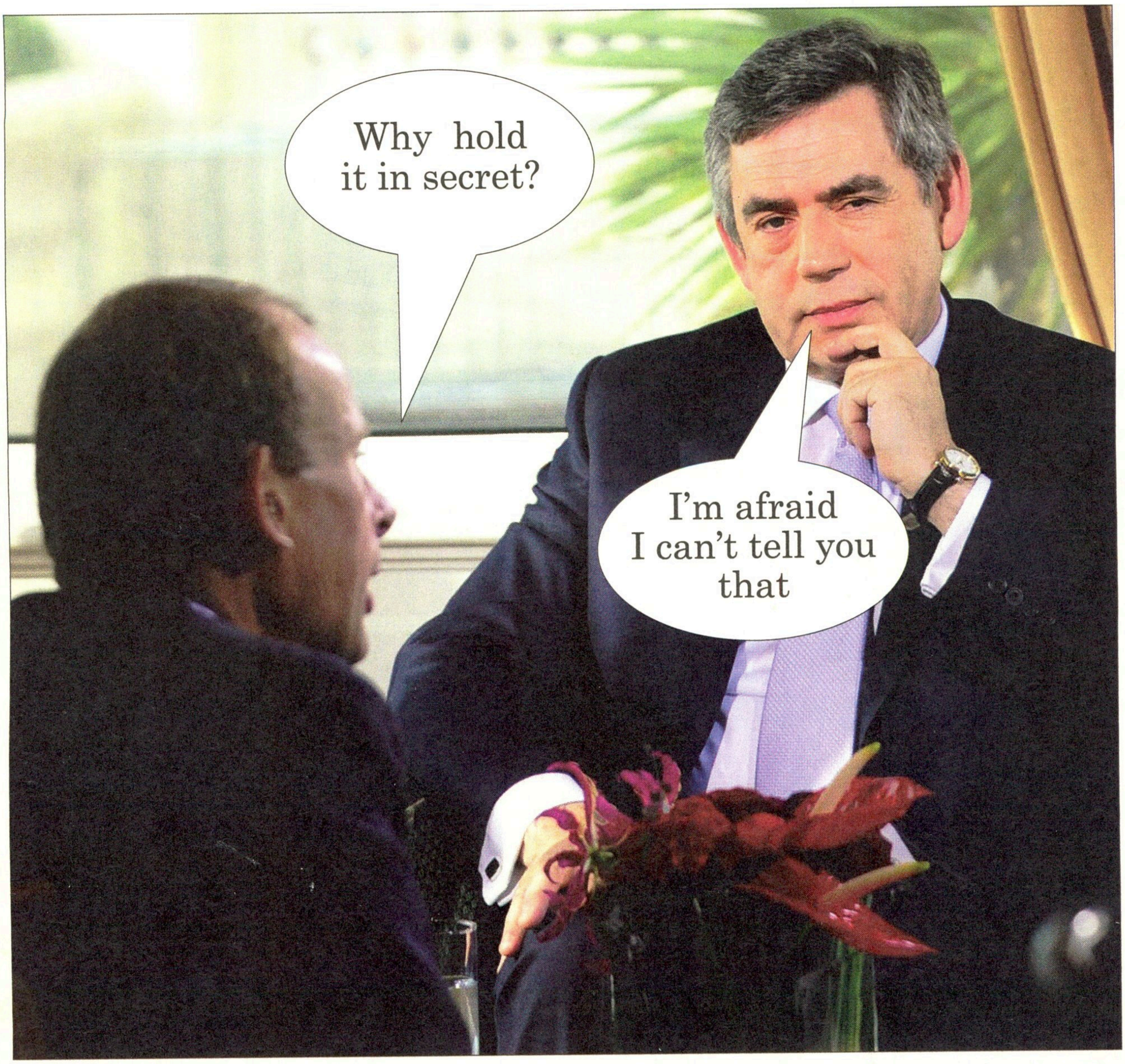
IRAQ WAR INQUIRY SHOCK



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*Based on E 250 CDI SE manual available at launch. Model shown is a Mercedes-Benz E 250 CDI Sport. Total price: £32,925 on the road (price includes VAT, delivery, maximum Road Fund License

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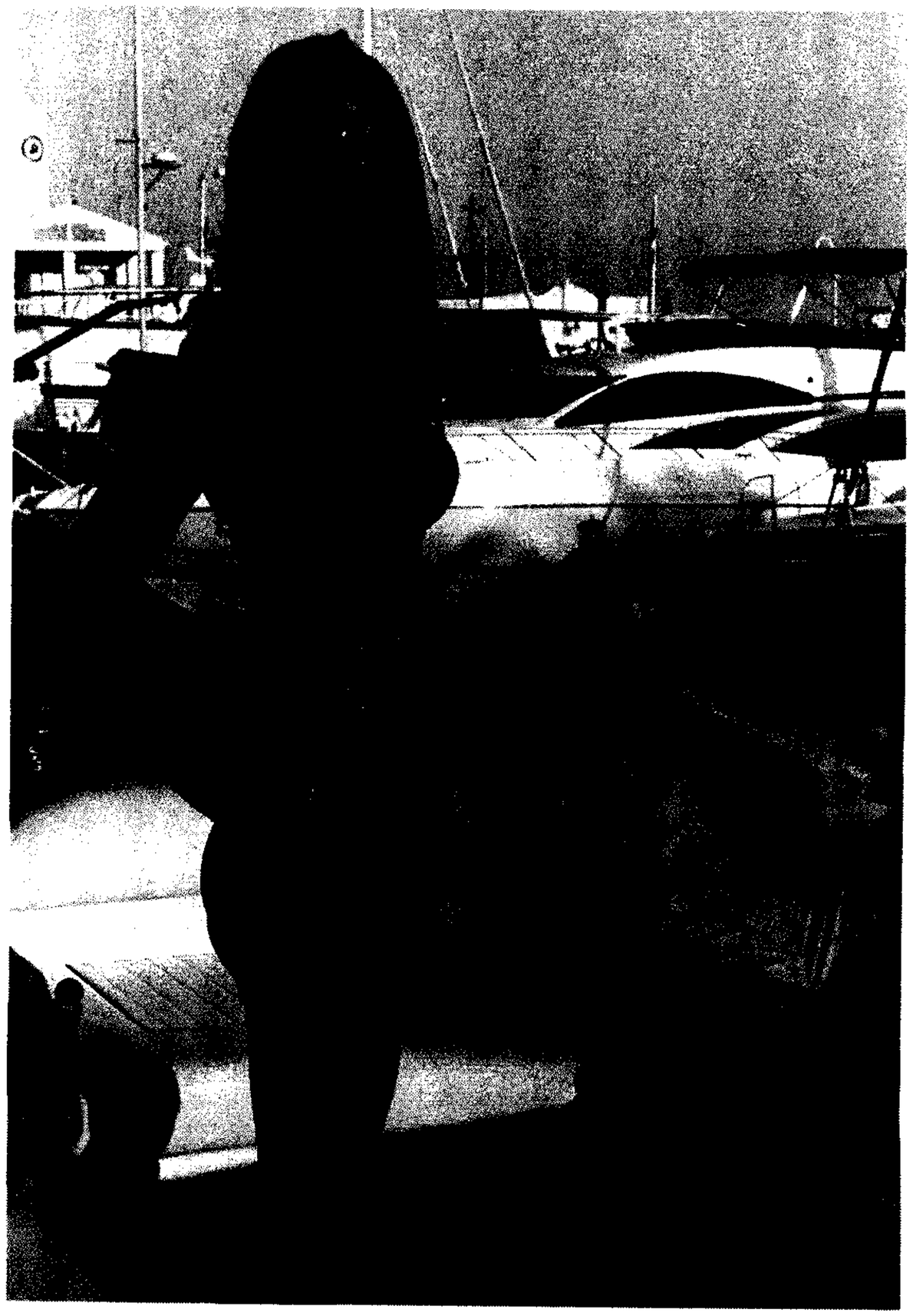
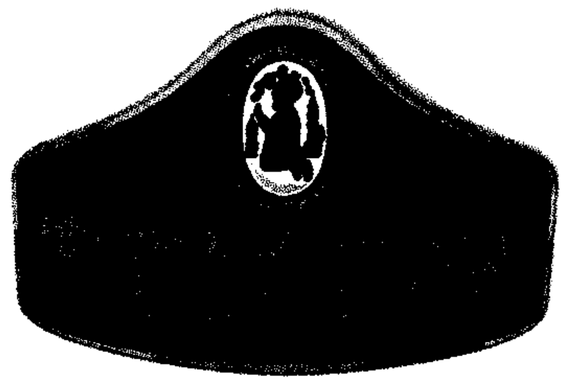
number plates, new vehicle registration fee and fuel). Prices correct at time of going to print.

"He was the man who had everything, except *Theakstons* OLD PECULIER."

We'd been muckers at school. Then he went into property and made so many millions they ran out of multi's to describe them. Some years later and here I was in the Med, a guest, aboard this floating testament to his wealth. *"Aye, I've got plenty of* ACKERS," grumbled my friend, twiddling the umbrella in his cocktail, *"but no bloomin' pub and no bloomin' Theakstons Old Peculier, that's for sure." "Why don't you just go home and get some?"* I asked. He snorted, glancing at his trophy wife soaking up the rays beside him, *"It's the missus, won't go anywhere it rains." "Ah, I see."* I replied, wondering how the leggy Latino lovely liked being referred to as the MISSUS. Then, wistfully, I thought of my very own special rain-spattered corner of Yorkshire. The lady I loved would be there now, behind her bar serving pint after pint of Theakstons Old Peculier, dark, rich, and deliciously strong. With my return ticket burning a hole in my pocket, I turned to my mate in exile. *"Fancy another Pina Colada?"* I enquired, smugly.





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RBG
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From somewhere in the South of France

AS READERS will have learnt, I have decided, in the interests of fairness, to forego a substantial part of my controversial £400 million annual pension from the Royal Bank of Gnomeland.

To some this may seem a small amount, £23.95, but I can assure readers that I will feel the loss every *bit* as much as those who have lost their jobs, their houses or all their savings in the current economic crisis.

But more than the money, what has wounded me is the fact that I have been made an international pariah, hounded from my home and forced to seek refuge in a luxury villa on the Côte d'Azur, unable to return to my native Scotland and resume my career as one of the world's leading bankers.

That is why I have selflessly and generously given back every penny of the £23.95 as a token of my sincere repentance and genuine humility.

Yours,
Sir Fred Gnomewin,
Villa Magnifique de Lux,
Voleur-Sur-Le-Run,
France.

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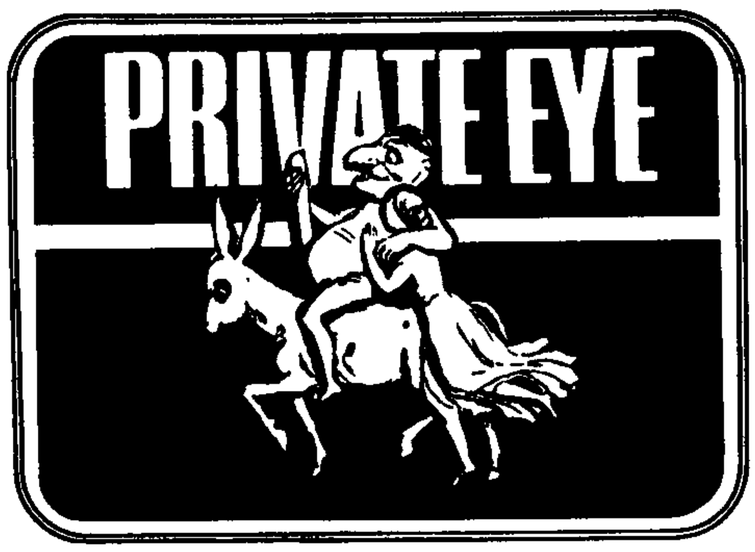


Speakers cornered

■ Fleet Street winkers: Ronaldo Hackwatch 7
■ Hopeless Harriet & the expenses inquiry 8
■ Fatal flaws of the Jackal: Squarebasher 8
■ Gong! The League of Ordinary Gentlemen 9
■ It doesn't add up: Letter from Tehran 17
■ Lockerbie; Deepcut; plus 'Quackdash' 28, 29
■ M.D. on Labour's pains; NHS plc round-up 30

RUPERT MURDOCH'S patience with Gordon Brown is wearing thin, and his British papers have called repeatedly for an early general election – to the PM's mounting alarm.

Brown was so upset that he was on "non-speakers" with the *Sun* at the start of June and only relented because of Rebekah Wade's wedding and the Dirty Digger's visit to Britain.

Murdoch's new pride and joy, the *Wall Street Journal*, has all but given up on Brown. It commissioned two pieces to coincide with the weekend of its proprietor's trip to these shores – a hymn of praise to David Cameron, "A Tory Star Rises" (12 June), followed by an op-ed piece headlined "Gordon Brown Helped Cause the Crisis" (15 June). It concluded: "Choosing a new leader with integrity and managerial competence is the party's best chance to win greater respect from voters."

The Digger's trip to Britain also coincided with the Digital Britain report from sub-Birtian technocrat Lord Carter. Murdoch is outraged at proposals for the TV licence fee to be "top-sliced" – not because he wants the Beeb's cash to be protected, but because he doesn't want to see rivals such as ITV and Channel 4 chomping their top-slices while his BSkyB goes hungry. If the BBC hands over some cash, Murdoch believes, it should be returned to licence-fee payers.

His British editors are never more like the "His Master's Voice" dog than when the boss is actually in town and breathing down their necks. Sure enough, the *News of the World* said on 14 June that cutting the BBC's income was a good idea, "but absolutely not to bail out commercial TV. Savings should go straight back to licence payers." Three days later a *Times* leader called for "a smaller BBC" and complained that Carter had funked "the opportunity to advocate returning some of the licence fee". Woof, woof!

HELP is at hand for Gordon Brown. "Does speaking in front of a room full of people fill you with dread?" asks a flyer sent to Labour Party members last week.

"Do you wish to improve your public speaking skills to help you get selected as a Labour candidate or help you in your role as a PPC, Council candidate or elected representative? If so come along to the Labour Party's bespoke public speaking training session."

For a mere £40, Brown can imbibe the wisdom of Paul Richards, a "former government special adviser, professional trainer, author of *How to Win an Election* and Labour parliamentary candidate in 1997 and 2001".

The author of *How to Win an Election* was indeed a candidate in 1997 and 2001 – but was, er, defeated both times. His career as a special adviser came to an abrupt end with the recent resignation of his minister – Hazel "Rocking the Boat" Blears, who somehow failed to benefit from his communications skills. Maybe prospective candidates should know this before forking out their forty quid to Labour's campaigns manager, the aptly named James Swindlehurst.

A TIMELY advertisement appears in *The House*, the magazine for parliamentarians, offering MPs advice on "lateral career shifts".

"You knew exactly where you were heading, but events have decided differently," says Maslow's Attic, a business offering advice on mid-life career changes – something likely to be faced by many MPs after the next election.

Boss Douglas Board refuses to tell the *Eye* how many politicians have already been in touch.

MOST IRONIC EXPENSES CLAIM BY AN MP AWARD

ON 4 September 2007, redacted receipts reveal that the Commons Fees Office validated a claim by Adam Ingram, Labour MP for East Kilbride, Strathaven and Lesmahagow, for a £99.99 "Data Destroyer" – "destroys paper documents, computer discs and credit cards, offering you a level of protection once the exclusive preserve of the commercial world" – from a reader offer in the *Daily Telegraph*.

UNTIL the expenses scandal broke, it seems very few MPs were troubled by the taxman. A freedom of information request by the *Eye* reveals that at 14 May, just 14 MPs out of 646 were subject to tax inquiries.

What's more, the figures suggest that HM Revenue & Customs has been backing off in recent years. In the years 2006/07 to 2008/09, the number of inquiries completed annually fell from 50 to 32. And, as HMRC pointed out when releasing the figures: "Undertaking an inquiry is about reconciling HMRC's risk assessment with the information that the taxpayer holds – it does not imply that the tax return is incorrect." So there's no guarantee that HMRC asked the MPs in question to cough up anyway. Nor would the taxman say how much had been recovered from MPs, as extracting the information from their files would take more than 3.5 days and thus breach FoI cost limits.

MPs' tax affairs are dealt with by a special HMRC unit which jealously guards its "customers". One tax inspector-turned-whistleblower recently reported, for example, that he had been threatened with disciplinary action if he investigated some property dealings that an MP on his office's patch was involved in.

ROLL UP, roll up! Almost a year after it was first previewed in these pages, the libel contest between Richard Desmond and Tom Bower begins at the high court on 6 July.

Desmond is suing over a reference to him in Bower's biography of Conrad Black, and the first man into the witness box will be none other than the plaintiff himself. If the case goes ahead as scheduled, this will be the first time Dirty Des has submitted himself to cross-examination on oath in a libel trial. Who needs Wimbledon or the Ashes when such riveting spectator sport is to be had free of charge?

NUMBER CRUNCHING

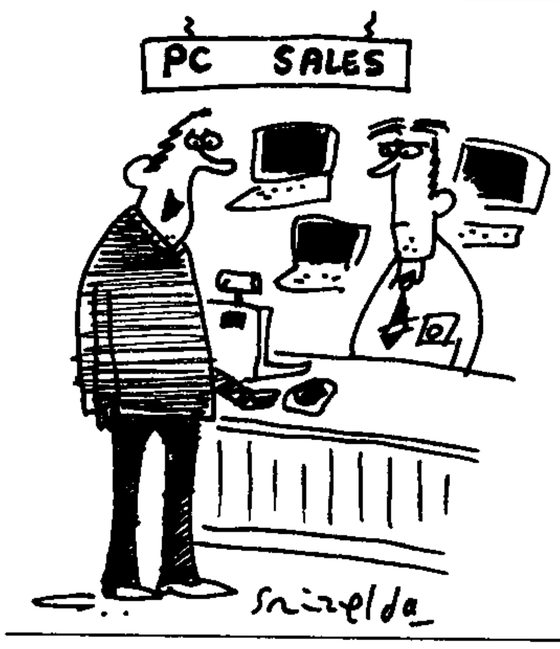
8 years Period to be covered by proposed Iraq inquiry

1 day Period covered by Saville inquiry into Bloody Sunday, which has lasted 11 years so far

Street of Shame

OUR piece in the last *Eye* about Paul Dacre's Gordon-style refusal to hand over power caused quite a stir at the *Daily Mail* – and apoplexy in the office of the editor himself.

Paul Dacre normally relies on Peter McKay to draw relevant articles in the *Eye* to his attention, but on the Wednesday morning he had already read it – several times – when he called McHackey in and demanded he find out who was behind it. Meanwhile secretaries on the features and news desks were dispatched to W.H. Smith to stock up on extra *Eyes* because the office copies kept disappearing.



"I'm looking for something to help me waste time more efficiently"

"THREE weeks ago, I received a wedding list from a friend," wrote the *Eye*'s favourite navel-gazer Tanya Gold (see Hackwatch, *Eye* 1236) in the *Guardian* this month. "Let me be more accurate. She used to be a friend."

And how! After reading Gold's 950 words on the happy couple – who, we learn "have wrinkles and Botox and they sag like dying balloons," and are planning a "stupid and pointless wedding" – one Jo Holland registered with the Guardian website specially to leave the following message beneath the article:

"As the bride referred to in the piece I should point out that Tanya was invited to my wedding but no wedding list was included in her invitation because I know how much she hates them… I really, really don't care about gifts and have never even brought the subject up with Tanya. It might sound trite but all I want is a happy unforgettable day surrounded by people I love. My wedding is less than a month away and frankly, Tanya I don't want any spoons but I'm not sure that I want you at my wedding either."

EVEN allowing for paternal pride, some readers may have found it hard to stomach Andrew Knight's encomium to his daughter Afsaneh in the *Sunday Times* magazine's Relative Values feature: "I jotted down something one of her tutors at Oxford said and it really does resonate: 'Afsaneh is like an angel from another literary world who landed at my academic feet'… Now she's written this wonderful book."

Readers who weren't too busy asking Alice to pass the sick bag might have wondered why they had to endure this mutual ego-stroking from a long-retired ex-editor of the *Economist* and a first-time novelist with a book to plug.

Here are a couple of clues. Andrew Knight is a former chief executive of News International, who was responsible for installing John Witherow as *Sunday Times* editor and remains a director of News Corporation. Afsaneh is the stepsister of *Sunday Times* columnist India Knight.

TURBULENT times in Iran, but *Times* correspondent Martin Fletcher is having to make do without the services of the paper's usual fixer in Tehran, Kayvon Biouki. After a series of bust-ups during the election campaign, Biouki told the paper that he would never work with Fletcher again.

One day during the campaign, Fletcher said he wanted to visit a town or city outside Tehran. Biouki gave him seven to choose from, but the *Times* man rejected them all: one was too far away, another was "too big". He then pointed at an apparently random spot on the map and demanded to be taken there, despite the fixer's protestations that it would be a wasted journey. The next day Biouki drove for 200km – but as soon as they arrived Fletcher took one look at the place and said, "Oh, this is a modern village, it's no good for us," and demanded to be taken straight back to Tehran.

On another occasion, stuck in traffic as 120,000 people thronged the streets for an Ahmadinejad rally, Fletcher suddenly announced that he had to return to his hotel at once to file some copy. "Get me a motorbike," he commanded. When Biouki protested that he couldn't desert his car and hijack a passing motorcycle, Fletcher was incensed by this insubordination. "I am paying you!" he roared imperiously.

Biouki has now sent a long email to the *Times*'s foreign editor explaining why he has had enough of the overbearing hack. "He thinks it's the colonial ages and he is a British general," he writes. "He is here for 10 days, but I live here."

ENRAGED by Labour MPs' failure to depose the prime minister, the *Guardian*'s Polly Toynbee said they were deluded if they thought there was anything "radical or left-wing" about Brown, who is devoted to "private finance initiative projects".

How unlike the *Guardian.* Or not. In the same week it published two supplements paid for by leading privatisers: a healthcare supplement supported by the Tribal Group, and another on "the challenges and benefits of contracting out public services" paid for by IBM, whose outsourcing joint venture Southwest One underlines the challenges of privatisation (*Eyes passim*).

Credibility was stretched at the *Guardian* earlier in the year too when it ran an editorial "In Praise of... the Minimum Wage", chiding Tory MPs who wanted to make it voluntary. "The rate of £5.73 for an hour's work is extremely modest," it said. "All respectable employers are more than happy to pay it."

All except the *Guardian*, that is, which last week advertised for "graduate-level writers" to work on its supplements for? "£10,428 pro rata." Based (optimistically) on a 40-hour week, this works out at £5 an hour – 73p below the minimum wage!

Meanwhile sister paper the *Observer* continues to wring its hands about the banking industry. "The City must not slip back to its bad old ways," said a gloomy editorial lamenting the decision of Lloyds Banking Group to shut Cheltenham & Gloucester branches with the loss of 1,600 jobs. "A banking giant, which only exists by virtue of the government waiving competition rules and injecting taxpayers' cash, feels no compulsion to save jobs if shedding them boosts the bottom line."

Did it have any particular suit in its sights? Surely not Carolyn McCall, chief executive of its parent, Guardian Media Group, who happens to be a non-executive director of "bad old" Lloyds Banking Group!

ONLINE grocery delivery firm Ocado must be delighted with coverage of its affairs in the City pages of the *Times*.

On 17 June the paper revealed that Ocado was planning a stock market flotation which would value the firm at a tasty £600m. "Ocado will bring you things you didn't even know you needed," it announced two days later, excitedly describing the company's plan to start delivering automated orders based on customers' previous purchases.

What the *Times* didn't mention in either article – but which every Ocado shopper knows – is that one item which the delivery firm already gives customers without asking is, er, a free copy of the *Times*. The newspaper agreed the marketing deal with Ocado last October, which is worth around 10,000 extra bulk copies a day to boost the *Thunderer*'s flagging circulation. No wonder the *Times* is so eager to repay the favour.

"DEAR colleagues," writes Hugh Carnegy, executive editor of the *Financial Times*. "From 9 June, the *FT* will begin moving printers in London – our main UK print run – from West Ferry to the Bow/Newsfax press."

He reveals that the *FT*'s page-width is being reduced to fit the new presses, while the type-size of text is increased. These changes will reduce the number of words in the *FT* by 5 percent, so it can cope with the recent slashing of editorial staff. But behind this lies a tale that has made the need for savings even more urgent.

The printing press at West Ferry is run by Richard "Dirty" Desmond, whose relations with *FT* management have been stormy for years. The contract had been so carelessly written that the newspaper was tied in to using West Ferry until 2015, but *FT* bosses switched printers anyway – which obliged them to give Desmond a severance payment of around £30m in annual instalments of around £5m.

Some financial wallahs at Pearson, the *FT*'s parent, believe that because of the cost of this blunder and the likely effect on the company's share price, chief executive Dame Marjorie Scardino should make a special announcement to the London Stock Exchange. But Dame Marje seems to hope no one will notice.

There are now wheezes galore for urgent cost-cutting at the *FT*. One is to boot out all hacks over the age of 65 because managing editor Dan Bogler reckons this can be done without having to pay redundancy. Execs are also preaching the value of "family friendly" policies, with staff under pressure to take extra time off during school holidays for just 30 percent of their salary. Even the Dame herself is making a small sacrifice: Scardino, bless her, has decided to cancel the daily delivery of flowers to her office.

EVER keen to tell his beleaguered hacks how good his newspaper is, *FT* editor Lionel Barber has been rewriting history in his latest internal bulletin.

According to Barber, the *FT* was among the first "to single out Mr Hussein Mousavi as a credible electoral challenger to President Ahmadinejad" in Iran. Well, er, no it wasn't.

On 12 March, Roula Khalaf, the paper's Middle East editor, reported that Mr Mousavi's decision to stand "could undermine reformists' attempts to unseat the radical Mahmoud Ahmadinejad", and on 15 March she opined that the withdrawal of former president Mohammad Khatami in Mousavi's favour "could help Ahmadinejad in his bid for a second term".

With "experts" like this, it's no wonder people have to turn to Twitter and Facebook to find out what's really going on.

"MPs Expenses: What have you spotted?" asked the *Telegraph* on 18 June – a question to which regular *Telegraph* readers could only offer the answer: "Precious little else for the past seven weeks."

"The *Telegraph*'s team of journalists are continuing to work on the investigation and we are very interested in hearing your views on the subject," the paper continued. "Please let us know about any interesting claims you have uncovered from the files. What does your MP use his expenses to pay for? What is the most surprising item you have found?"

And while you're at it, copy in a few other people as well. "If you see anything interesting while you are reading through the PDFs tell us here," pleaded the BBC News website. "Help us to beat the censors!" begged the *Times*, "comb through the expenses yourself." "Join us in digging through the 700,000 documents of MPs' expenses… We hope that many hands can make light work," enthused the *Guardian*, launching what it called "a ground-breaking crowd-sourcing exercise", although that paper did at least have the decency to offer something in return – even though it was only the (slim) chance to "win a COMPLETELY FREE floating duck house".

In a neat insight into the future of journalism, the *Grauniad*'s plea went out on the same day that nine senior journalists accepted redundancy from the paper, including long-serving investigative reporter David Pallister and Westminster correspondent David Hencke, who had been with the paper since 1976.

HACKWATCH

Cristiano Ronaldo

THE E.I. Addios of the Street of Shame spent most of last summer working themselves into a frenzy about the future of Cristiano Ronaldo (*Hackwatch*, Eye 1217). After two months of feverish speculation that the Portuguese pin-up would leave Old Trafford to join Real Madrid, there were red faces all round when he chose to stay. You'd have thought they might have been more circumspect when the question loomed again at the end of this season. You'd have thought wrong…

18 May: "Madrid are Ron [geddit?] a loser," reports the *Sun* as it pours cold water on any move to Real by the United star.

22 May: The *Daily Star* is equally certain: "Ron: I don't care about Real."

23 May: In the best tabloid traditions, the *Sun* performs a reverse ferret and now has Ronaldo on his way to Spain.

24 May: The *Mail on Sunday*'s Bob Cass, who last August told readers that United would be making a bold move for Thierry Henry (they didn't), reveals that "Ronaldo stays" at Old Trafford: "Sir Alex Ferguson insists that Cristiano Ronaldo will remain at Old Trafford for another season, after further intense speculation over a renewed £70m bid from Real Madrid." The *News of the Screws*, meanwhile, has dug up an old Ronaldo interview from Brazilian TV, slapped an exclusive tag on it and, with a little tabloid spin, turned it into a definitive commitment: "The European and World Player of the Year has chosen the build-up to this week's epic Champions League showdown in Rome as the moment to pledge his heart, body and soul to Manchester United."

29 May: "Cristiano Ronaldo is officially off Real Madrid's radar as Manchester United received a welcome lift after their Champions League final defeat," reports Richard Tanner of the *Express*, while the *Mail* claims that Madrid have "grown tired of waiting for Ronaldo".

3 June: More revelations from the *Express*: "Florentino Perez last night launched his second spell as Real Madrid president by apparently securing Kaka for a world record £56m while admitting there is no agreement in place with Cristiano Ronaldo to sign Manchester United's world player of the year."

12 June: Real Madrid have broken the world transfer record to sign Ronaldo. The *Express*, which a fortnight earlier informed readers that such a move was "officially" off and almost a week before had said there was certainly no agreement, offers an interesting insight: "The deal between Madrid and the player has been provisionally agreed for months."

14 June: Alex Ferguson exclusively confides once more in Bob Cass of the *Mail on Sunday:* "Fergie – Ronaldo was always going to quit." And does Bob pluck up the courage to ask his good mate Fergie why he misled him three weeks earlier? Er, no.

RICHARD "Dirty" Desmond has enlisted the former chief librarian of Express Newspapers, Tony Durrant for a taxing special assignment.

Durrant, who recently took redundancy despite being only two years from retirement, has been sent to the British Library with orders to go through every copy of the *Eye* from the last three years and record every word written about his erstwhile employer. His findings are to be dispatched urgently to the tenth-floor suite of Dirty Des's HQ in the City.

God knows why the excitable porn mogul wishes to re-read his old cuttings, but it can't be good for his blood pressure. We hope a St John ambulance crew is on standby.

PANIC stations at the *Guardian* this month where plans to become "the world's foremost media organisation for environmental coverage", as deputy editor Ian Katz likes to tell staff, seem to have exploded like so much crude oil in a poorly-maintained refinery.

First, the *Independent on Sunday* reported the boasts of Shell executives that they may have persuaded the *Guardian* to soften its line on the death of Ken Saro-Wiwa – a Nigerian environmentalist executed in 1995 for protesting at the exploitation of the Niger delta by the oil company. Then, at the *Grauniad*'s ill-fated Climate Change Summit in London last week, protesters dressed as "greenwash detectors" handed round mock-ups of the paper pointing out that the event's main sponsor, E.ON, plans to build the UK's first new coal-fired power station for decades at Kingsnorth in Kent.

Unabashed, the *Guardian* ran a glowing full-page interview with E.ON chief executive Paul Golby last Friday ("Energy boss strives to generate debate about green goals"), which omitted to mention that his company was bankrolling the *Grauniad* summit. Meanwhile Alan Rusbridger and fellow-executives were considering whether to publish an entire supplement sponsored by Shell.

All of which is rather distressing for the paper's environmental icon George Monbiot, who only three weeks ago tried to assuage jaded readers with a blog posting titled: "Newspapers must stop taking advertising from environmental villains." And utterly mortifying for the *Guardian*'s highly-paid "head of environment", Damian Carrington – who no longer seems to have much to head up.

IN A two-page feature by one "Fiona James", the *Sunday Mirror* travel section sings the praises of Round Hill, a luxury villa resort in Jamaica favoured by stars such as Paul McCartney, Harrison Ford and Demi Moore when they want "a discreet break from the limelight".

Ms James boasts that Ralph Lauren was there during her stay, another clue that that this may not be an obvious holiday destination for many *Sunday Mirror* readers. So why on earth is the paper running this star-struck guff?

Lurking behind the Fiona James pseudonym is *Sunday Mirror* editor Tina Weaver, who recently decided she needed a luxury freebie holiday with her five-year-old son and her male companion. The travel department duly made the booking, but when asked for the name of her fellow traveller she seemed strangely reluctant to provide it. Eventually, after being told that flight tickets couldn't be issued without the names of the passengers, she owned up. In a splendid example of corporate bonding, the man with whom she jetted off for a "discreet break from the limelight" was Richard Wallace, editor of the *Daily Mirror*!

Second mother 'too supid to raise her children'

Daily Telegraph website

"The recession's over – you're fired!"

"THIS is the place for Euro passion," declared *Independent* columnist Mary Dejevsky on the eve of the elections to Brussels.

"I have to say it was a pleasure to find the Romanian capital festooned in Euro-election posters – after London, where the only EU election advertising seemed to promote the anti-European Ukip… Is there something here that British politicians could learn from when the next Euro elections come up in four years time?"

Er, possibly not. Just 27.7 percent of Romanians bothered to turn out and vote this month – even fewer than the paltry 34.5 percent of apathetic Brits who managed it.

HOW JOURNALISM WORKS

HERE'S a cracking showbiz story: Madonna couldn't even be bothered to attend the court hearing into her adoption of Malawian Mercy James and didn't visit her before the child was flown to London. Instead she dispatched staff to remove the four-year-old from her nursery and prepare to spirit her away.

Mercy's new mum only communicated with the child by phone, preferring to hang out with her celebrity pals in New York instead.

Or, as the *Sun* chose to present the saga, the singer "stayed up all night praying in her New York home" on the eve of the hearing, "phoned Mercy from New York in floods of tears" on hearing the result and read the Chichewa-speaking tot a "letter of motherly devotion" (of which readers were treated to gushing extracts).

She provided a "nanny and a nurse and other aides" to cater for the child's every needs and "made plans for a private jet" to ease the stress of the journey. She "telephones her new adopted daughter every night" and was "pulling out all the stops to give Mercy the most glamorous pad she could wish for", enlisting the help of "pal and fellow mum Gwyneth Paltrow" because she "was so impressed with her daughter Apple's room". Don'tchajustloveher?

How touching that even after being royally and routinely misled for months over the state of Madonna and Guy Ritchie's marriage last year (*Eye* 1222), the *Sun* is still happy to take its coverage of the singer's affairs down at dictation speed from her spokeswoman Liz Rosenberg. The paper even obligingly continued to refer to Mercy as an "orphan", even as it reported the efforts of her father James Kambewa to block the adoption.

ONE of James Purnell's last acts as work and pensions secretary was appointing Isabel Hudson to the Pensions Regulator.

Purnell, one of Labour's keenest admirers of business people, no doubt believed her former job as an executive of a pensions firm, Prudential Assurance, qualified her to regulate other pension firms. But Ms Hudson's business skills seemed to make little difference to her last enterprise.

In 2006 Hudson helped set up Synesis, a wannabe-"Zombie" fund which raised £1bn to buy up "closed" pension schemes, hoping to make money slowly running employers' old pension schemes down.

After a loud fanfare in the business press about the launch of the company, it closed after having failed to sign a single deal, leaving Ms Hudson free to take up her new job.

GORDON BROWN has put a senior director behind the controversial privatisation of QinetiQ into a key post designed to preserve Britain's "financial stability".

On 1 June Sir David Lees became chair of the court of governors of the Bank of England. The court is the Bank's board, a group that has been both slimmed down and given greater powers since the financial crisis. Thanks to the 2009 banking act, it has been reduced from 13 members to seven and given new duties for "protecting and enhancing the stability of the financial system of the United Kingdom".

And what are Lees's qualifications for defending the public interest? Sir David was deputy chairman of QinetiQ when the defence technology firm was privatised in February 2006, and still sits as the firm's "senior non-executive director". He was appointed to the QinetiQ board in June 2005, as the full privatisation of the firm was prepared.

Non-executives are supposed to guard against misbehaviour among the directors, but according to Edward Leigh, chairman of the Commons public accounts committee (PAC), the QinetiQ directors were "profiteering at the expense of the taxpayer", making huge windfalls from the sale. Sir David did not believe the directors should learn from the MPs' criticisms, and was sent by the QinetiQ board to say they were wrong.

NEW work and pensions secretary Yvette Cooper announced plans last week to make government child poverty targets legally binding, claiming it would "embed a desire to reduce inequality in our society in legislation".

Last autumn the government contested a judicial review brought against it by Friends of the Earth and Help the Aged, who said it was failing to meet its "legally binding" fuel poverty target, introduced by another piece of legislation.

The law set a firm date of 2016 for eliminating fuel poverty; but counsel for the government told the court the secretary of state did not have to meet actual targets, just carry out measures in the strategy. The government won. So much for legally binding targets.

CALLED TO ORDURE

COMMONS leader Harriet Harman blinked, stammered and goofed in front of Sir Christopher Kelly's inquiry on MPs' expenses. One of her clumsiest moments was when, with leaden emphasis, she reiterated the McBroon Stalinist view that it was "totally unacceptable" for MPs to have any other employment. "How would you feel if you employed someone who earned more from another job?" she asked. "Your focus should be on serving the public."

Sir Christopher, chairman of the NSPCC, chairman of the Financial Ombudsman Service, a non-exec director at accountants KPMG, a board member of the National Consumer Council and chairman of the Committee on Standards in Public Life, stared at her with admirable self-control.

It was the first day of Kelly's inquiry and the venue, a disused church in Westminster, gave proceedings a confessional feel. Not that politicians are in the mood for much of a sorry just yet. Harman was at her most maddeningly self-righteous, regurgitating the tired and misleading old line about how the Commons had become a "gentleman's club" and how its members needed vast sums to ferry their families to London every week.

The committee was irritated with the political shenanigans which have seen Downing Street already trying to pressure Kelly into certain positions. Some committee members were particularly irked by its announcement of a Parliamentary Standards Authority, effectively a rival to Kelly's heroes.

But on to the scandals. Why did MPs deserve big pay-offs when they lost or vacated their seats? Why should they expect to travel first class? Why shouldn't they live in a specially-designated "barracks" (even the Olympic village, once Seb Coe no longer needs it)? Harman didn't have much of an answer but she pulled a face at the thought of a block of flats for MPs. Her answers were so hesitant she seemed ill prepared. Perhaps she thought Kelly's committee of mainly non-politicians would be easily swatted.

Commons pay-offs are a fairly recent innovation which ensure that even MPs who have been booted out by an outraged electorate still receive a five-figure relocation grant. Former West Yorkshire deputy chief constable Lloyd Clarke started interrogating Harman on this, telling her that such pay-offs were rejected by "the court of public opinion" – the phrase Harman herself used regarding Sir Fred Goodwin's pension. Was there not public revulsion at the pay-off disgraced Tory MP Derek Conway will soon receive?

Harman first said lamely that this was precisely why the government had set up the Kelly inquiry – to investigate such matters. Okay, said Clarke – how about changing the rules now to ensure that pay-offs will not be made to MPs standing down or losing their seats at the next general election. Harman: "We have asked you to make your recommendation on that." Go for it, Sir Christopher!

Labour's insistence that MPs should not have second jobs is driven mainly by a childish desire to bugger up the richer Tories who still work in the City or at the bar. "I just don't see how working as a barrister makes you a better MP, I just don't buy that," blurted Harriet Harman QC. "It makes you better-off, that's all."

As with so many of the Broon regime's partisan purges, the anti-second jobs policy will have bad unintended consequences. What about MPs who serve in the Territorial Army? What about medical professionals such as Dr Howard Stoate (Lab) and dentist Sir Paul Beresford (Con)? What about MPs who have board jobs with charities; MPs who have consultancy-style links to trade unions; MPs who have family manufacturing firms and family farms? There is even an argument that working for the government as a minister is a second job. Will all these have to go too?

Harman was all in favour of MPs seeing as much of their families as possible because it made them "more rounded" lawmakers. But does this argument not apply equally to people who see more of non-Westminster working life?

The other thing about MPs with outside interests is that they are more likely to tell the whips to sling their hooks, partly because they are "better-off" and less dependent on upgrades to a ministerial salary; partly because they have alternative careers to which they can escape if the politics lark goes wrong. Given what's been happening with the expenses saga in recent weeks, perhaps not a bad idea.

'Gavel Basher'

FOREIGN secretary David Miliband may have been ambiguous in his support for Gordon Brown in his *Guardian* interview on 12 June, but he was clear about one thing. "He calls on the media to abandon unattributable briefings, saying all politicians' spokesmen should be named, or not quoted by media outlets," said the paper.

No doubt he thought a newspaper interview was the best way to get this message through to the "sources close to Mr Miliband" who had denied to the *FT* that he would be joining James Purnell's cabinet revolt on 5 June or the "someone close to David Miliband" who told *Newsnight*'s Michael Crick on 12 May that the prime minister might "simply decide to jack it in, knowing that he is taking his party to disastrous defeat".

NUMBER CRUNCHING

£19,000 Amount Leicester East MP Keith Vaz paid back in wrongly-claimed expenses

£19,000 Average annual salary in his Leicester East constituency

"Darling, you shouldn't have"

A HEAD FOR FIGURES

"ARE so many legal fights really the best use of school funds?" asked *Eye* 1224 of Durand Primary School bosses' penchant for setting lawyers Carter-Fuck on anyone who disagreed with them – including the General Teaching Council, after it ruled against the school in its fight with two teachers who quit their jobs.

Now the Lambeth-based foundation school has found an even better use for school funds: allowing headteacher Greg Martin to cream off £85,000 profits from running the school's "spa" business in its swimming pool and gym – on top of his £70,000 salary. The leisure business, run by the school's "commercial arm", is intended to raise money for the school and brings in around £250,000 a year. Mr Martin earned the extra cash as sole director of the spa's management company. The governors have defended the huge payment, saying Mr Martin runs a good school.

It's all a far cry from the situation faced by newly qualified teacher Jenny Newall in 2007, when she had to get a bailiffs' warrant from Lambeth county court in order to be paid around £1,000 in wages that a tribunal had ruled she was owed by Durand Primary School.

GONG FISHING

NUMBER 10 claimed the Queen's Birthday Honours were for "local heroes", emphasising that "the majority of awards have gone to ordinary people". However, some less than ordinary people got some of the more glamorous gongs.

The knighthood for pastie and pork pie magnate **David Samworth**, for example, shows that sponsoring academy schools is still a good route to an honour. The Samworth Enterprise Academy, which focuses on cooking and Christianity, is certainly not the worst academy in the UK. But no other school judged by Ofsted as merely "satisfactory" would win a knighthood for its backers.

Then there's privatisation. **Paul Corrigan**, who got his CBE for "services to healthcare", is very well connected – a former health adviser to both Tony Blair and Patricia Hewitt, and husband of former Labour chief whip Hilary Armstrong. *He is also* the most enthusiastic and influential promoter of PFI and other privatisation schemes in the NHS.

The CBE for the Ministry of Defence's **Stephen Pollard** shows that Gordon thinks arming the Saudis is an honourable job. Pollard is the director of the MoD unit which helps sell British arms to the sheikhs, and he was reportedly interviewed under caution over £100m in payments to Saudi Prince Bandar authorised by his MoD unit, as part of the Serious Fraud Office investigation into possible corruption in BAE-Saudi arms deals. The investigation was stopped by pressure from Blair.

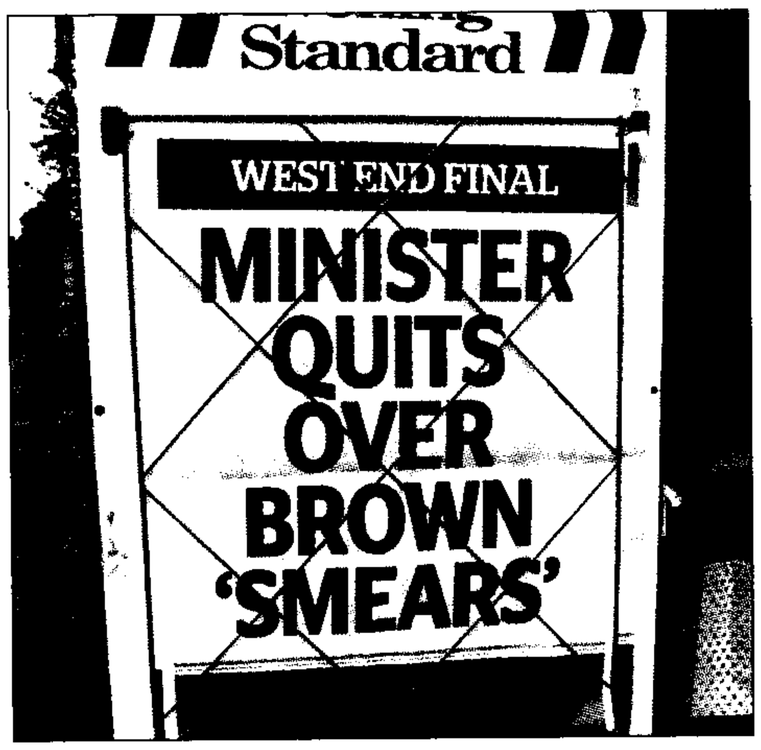
Phil Robinson, the senior UK vice president of arms firm Selex, also got a CBE. His firm boasts of "40 years of association with the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia", having supplied the Gulf's feudal autocrats with hi-tech weapons systems for those decades.

The CBE for former Remploy boss **Bob Warner** will infuriate many of the workers in the government-owned firm that runs factories for disabled workers. Warner pushed through cuts and closures at Remploy, and when he announced he was retiring the GMB union described this as "good news" for the disabled workers.

Climate change campaigners will be unimpressed, meanwhile, by Brown's CBEs for **James Smith**, chairman of Shell UK, and **Jim French**, chairman and CEO of Flybe, and the OBE for **Andrew Wolstenholme**, outgoing construction director of BAA and one of the men behind Heathrow Terminal 5.

Given Gordon's commitment to cracking down on shadow banking systems and offshore tax havens, it was only natural that Bailiff **Geoffrey Rowland**, a leading light on Guernsey, home to billions of pounds in tax-evaded dosh, should be knighted at the first opportunity. Rowland was a partner in highly rated tax "planning" firm Collas Day Rowland until he moved into the island's judiciary in the 1990s.

The best-timed gong goes to **Vicky Pryce**, the ex-KPMG consultant who gets a CBE for her efforts as joint head of the government economic service… just as the economy officially goes down the toilet!



NEWS FROM THE SANDPIT

THE death of Major Sean Birchall of 1st Battalion Welsh Guards while on a "routine" patrol in Helmand province last week raises more questions about the protection offered by the vehicle he was in, the Jackal.

The Ministry of Defence hurriedly bought at least 100 Jackals at £400,000 a pop, partly as a replacement for the notoriously flimsy Snatch Land Rover. But the Taliban, having seen their obvious weaknesses, have targeted them with enthusiasm, killing 10 soldiers in the last eight months.

The Jackal offers little protection to small arms fire; the soldier providing "top cover" is protected only by his own body armour; and the driver is exposed at the front and both sides of the cab.

The Jackal is also vulnerable to roadside bombs. Major Birchall died of horrendous injuries after an improvised explosive device (IED) was detonated "against" his vehicle, according to MoD reports. In this kind of attack, if a bomb blast hits from the side, the only protection the Jackal offers is from the armoured plates bolted on to the vehicle as an afterthought. The Taliban are adept at placing bombs above the road surface to take advantage of this weakness.

If the Jackal is driven over a bomb hidden in the road, the front axle and wheels are the first part of the vehicle to hit and trigger the device. But these are placed directly under the driver's seat, ensuring that the blast focus is immediately under the unfortunate driver.

After Sean Birchall's death, the MoD reiterated its faith in the "go-anywhere" Jackal: "It is a superb vehicle", said a spokesman, adding rather crucially "but could not do what it does were it laden down".

Clearly the compromise between "off road" speed and mobility and amount of heavy, added armour required to protect its crew is costing lives. Almost all the casualties so far have occurred on ordinary public roads, where the Jackal's off-road capability is pretty pointless.

'Squarebasher'

WITH public finances in ruins, HM Revenue & Customs is no doubt relying on top flight beancounters like Heather Self, formerly of Ernst & Young but now on a six-figure consultancy salary at HMRC, to help it maximize its tax take.

How embarrassing then that a tax tribunal has just ruled out a claim from Self and another former E&Y partner, Graham Morgan, that they should not have to pay tax on income from the firm totalling £688,000.

At the end of 2001 when Morgan and Self were no longer wanted at E&Y, Mrs Self, the tribunal reported, "was invited to attend a meeting and she was asked to withdraw from the firm on 31 December 2001". In return she was paid off with a "special allocation [of profits]" equal to 12 months' pay, £350,000. Within weeks Self, crestfallen but with bank balance bulging, became the well-paid tax director at Scottish Power plc.

When it came to filling in her 2001/02 tax return some months later, however, she excluded the £350,000 in the hope of saving £130,000 in tax (Morgan did include a similar pay-off on his return before having second thoughts and submitting an amended return excluding it). The payment, Self contended, should not be taxed either as a share of E&Y's profits or under any other part of the tax code (even though any other paid-off executive would be taxed). It was, claimed her QC, merely "collateral" to her departure from E&Y and designed to "alleviate the hardship" caused by restrictions placed on her for the following 12 months.

More than six years later, the tribunal has concluded that a special allocation of profits is precisely that and thus taxable – and that Self has to pay her fair share of tax just like the little people. Outrageous, isn't it?

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

IN a blow to the status of the EU's controversial European arrest warrants (EAWs), British student Andrew Symeou has won the right to take his fight against extradition to the House of Lords.

The 20-year-old is accused of killing a fellow holidaymaker at a nightclub on the Greek island of Zakynthos (*Eyes passim*). His case is seen as a test over the use of EAWs, introduced by the EU to fast-track extradition without consideration of whether there is credible evidence or even a case to answer. Lawyers for the Bournemouth University student say he should not be extradited because the evidence against him was fabricated and obtained by Greek police who violently intimidated witnesses.

Mr Symeou is accused of striking 18-year-old Jonathan Hiles with such force that he fell off a nightclub stage and suffered fatal head injuries. The student denies ever punching anyone in his life, and certainly not Mr Hiles, and says he only learned about the incident at the disco in 2007 after he had returned home at the end of his holiday.

EU-phemisms

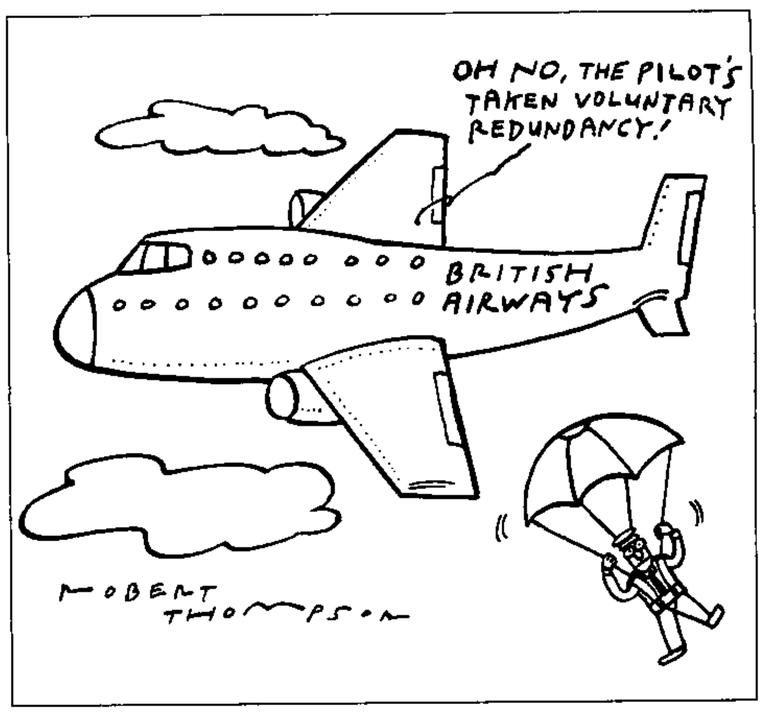
Anything that pisses Gordon Brown off is okay with us

Mr Symeou's case was first reported by the *Eye* last August (*Eye* 1217), after Metropolitan police arrived at his home in north London with the arrest warrant nearly a year after the incident. It has been taken up by both Fair Trials International and Liberty, which has now launched a new "Extradition Watch" campaign.

Mr Symeou recently lost his fight against extradition in the high court after the judges ruled that there was no reason for concluding that the Greek courts would not deal fairly with the allegations about police treatment and manipulation of evidence. But the student's QC, Edward Fitzgerald, said the case raised an important question of law over whether the extradition request by the Greek prosecuting authorities had been brought in bad faith because of the alleged activities of the Greek police.

He said the law lords should be asked to decide whether the concept of bad faith extended beyond the prosecuting authorities to include the alleged police misconduct. Otherwise, he argued, the courts in this country were deprived of a tool which would ensure that people were not sent to languish futilely in a foreign jail while awaiting a trial which should finally exonerate them – or, worse, convict them on the basis of "patent police misconduct, which would amount to a miscarriage of justice".

A panel of law lords will shortly decide whether to agree to a full hearing.



TV

Great British Menu: Banquet (BBC2)

Celebrity Masterchef (BBC1)

WHEREAS house-price porn programmes have been the biggest victim of the recession – with Property Ladder nervously becoming Property Snakes and Ladders – food shows have been relatively immune.

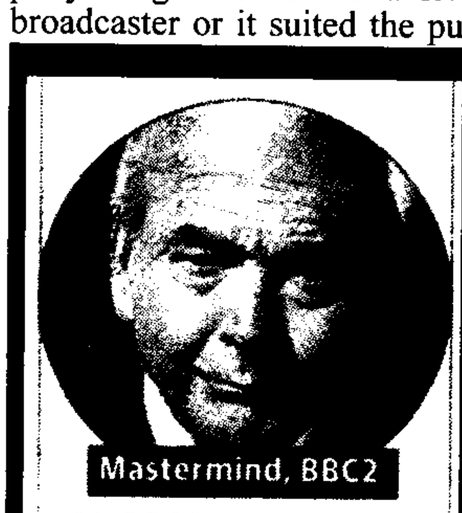
People still have to eat, so the numerous kitchen formats have carried on, although even this genre has felt it sensible to reflect hard times to an extent: preaching the possibilities of frugal ingredients and emphasising the role of cooking in relieving stress and fostering community cohesion.

Great British Menu, for example, has signed up for the war effort. This season's chefs were competing in their regional heats to prepare a slap-up dinner for our lads back from a tour of duty in Afghanistan. At RAF Halton, a country home once owned by the Rothschilds, the 2009 winners sweatily cooked their signature dishes in a four-course banquet.

True to telly's obsession with accessibility, the menu had been chosen in a public vote. This tactic again demonstrated the limits of democracy because the "Great British Public" (as Jennie Bond's voiceover kept calling them without irony) had gone for a starter and main course both featuring red meat, a solecism which would get Gordon Ramsay swearing even more than normally.

The obvious problem with *Great British Menu* as a format is that the chefs aren't famous when the programme starts and may take some years to challenge the recognisability of a Jamie or a Nigella. So the showpiece edition had imported a showbiz cherry to put on top, described by the witless script as "Ross Kemp – friend of the troops". The disembodied commentary went on to say that "Ross Kemp has been on the frontline in Afghanistan many times".

Viewers unfamiliar with Kemp's seminal performance as Grant Mitchell in *EastEnders* might easily have got the impression that the dinner's guest of honour was a soldier. In fact, his "many times" on the "frontline in Afghanistan" were in the service of Sky One documentaries. But either the BBC was too petty to give credit to a rival broadcaster or it suited the purposes of the programme to pretend the soap star was a military hero.



11.30 The World's Biggest Penis (R) (S)

Grauniad TV listings G2

At least Kemp's scenes were the most entertaining part of the show, because the actor has bizarrely morphed into the Prince of Wales, possibly driven to this delusion by the sound of the former BBC royal correspondent on the soundtrack. Visiting the chefs in the kitchen, he even did that trademark "Heir of Sorrows" scratching of the nose as he gazed with face-twisted compassion at each civilian and made idiot-card banter along the lines of "I understand your brother's serving in the forces?"

The plodding voiceover tried desperately to inject human interest – "Kenny has always been a joker" – and tension: "Nigel's really feeling the pressure... Glynn has entered a critical phase." And, happily for the format, things kept going slightly wrong: two chefs, for instance, discovered that the plates were smaller than the ones on which they'd served the same dishes in the heats. But hang on a minute. Surely the cooks should have been permitted to check these details in advance? Or were they being set up to make the show more interesting?

The answer to these clear signs of format panic will, presumably, be *Celebrity Great British Menu*, a populising gimmick to which another cook-out format turned long ago. **Celebrity Masterchef** has been stretching out across the schedule most nights recently, but the current run merely demonstrates how tired the idea has become.

This genre has always depended on the audience being generous with the definition of the word "celebrity" but, even so, these programmes have confirmed the view that reality TV is essentially a way of reducing the waste of paper in the diaries of the sort of performers whose only annual engagement is a Christmas panto. Very occasionally, there's a guest who is likely to have more work ahead of them than behind, but otherwise, as in the similar *Kitchen Hell*, there's a procession of people who were big on the box a long time ago.

While conducting a side contest of their own in gormlessness, hosts John Torode and Gregg Wallace make thematic predictions based on the guests' previous careers: "Janet was on *Blue Peter* so she can make anything... Rav has been in the police force and the army: he's used to being in a tight spot!"

The round in which the competitors are humiliated in a professional kitchen – shouting "Yes, chef!" at some egomaniacal bully – is a series of shameless plugs for "top restaurants" including Gilgamesh and Manicomio. Aerial shots of the Gherkin building in London and fast-cut sequences of the guests in people carriers betray the series' envy of *The Apprentice*. It doesn't work: this format feels like cold, stale leftovers from the feeding frenzy of reality TV.

'Remote Controller'

TOTALLY SATURDAY
YES! IT'S THE PRANKS SHOW WHERE GRAHAM NORTON BREAKS NEW GROUND!...
BY MAKING NOEL'S HOUSE PARTY LOOK GOOD
Ken Pyne

DUMB BRITAIN

Radio 1

Chris Moyles: Florence, from Florence and the Machine, is named after which Italian city?

Caller: Rome.

Weakest Link, BBC1

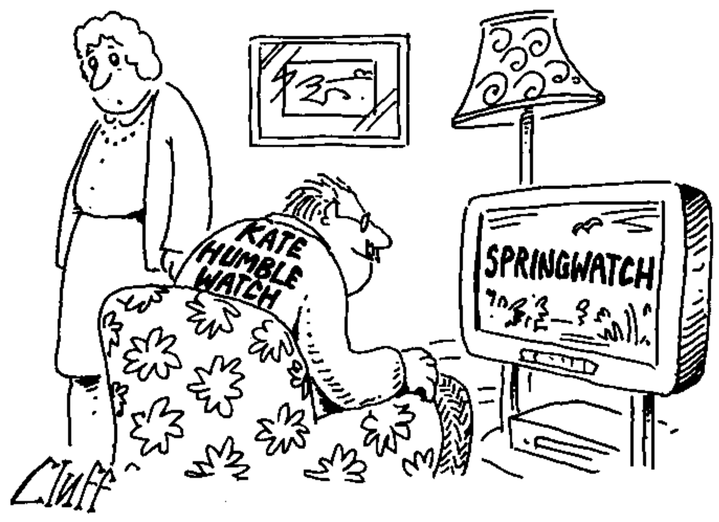
Anne Robinson: The Speaker of the House of Commons between 1983 and 1992, and the last to wear the traditional full wig, was Bernard...?

Contestant *(after some thought)*: Manning.

Eggheads, G.O.L.D.

Dermot Murnaghan: What's the common name of the small chamber in Fort William, Calcutta, that gained infamy in 1756?

C.J. De Mooi: I'll try the Alamo.



GOING LIVE

CHANNEL 4 NEWS **was keen to hear Jimmy Greaves' thoughts on the award of World Cup medals to him and his fellow England squad members who missed out on the 1966 final. "Do you know, I really haven't thought too hard about this," Greaves revealed. "I'm probably not the one to be interviewing."**

NO SUCH concerns about live interviews over on the BBC's *Daily Politics*. Presenter Andrew Neill conducted an interview with Tory Treasury spokesman Philip Hammond, announcing: "We were going to say it was live, then we noticed the clock was behind him. Ten past 11, it said."

MEDIA NEWS

IN AN *Independent* interview last year, Channel 4 boss Andy Duncan boasted of his "multiple sporting activities" – playing five-a-side football, hockey, tennis and golf. If he ever has a spare moment from all this frenetic exercise, he should go to channel4.com, his company's website, and click on Sport.

There he will find that England's cricketers are still in the Caribbean, that he can play last season's Premier League fantasy football game (or even the one from 2007-8) and still win prizes, catch up with the Poker Nations World Cup, which starts on 17 September 2008, look back at the 2007-8 skiing season and the Beijing Olympics, visit a closed-down cricket forum...

It's bewildering that a major broadcaster has failed to update its sport section for months – even beleaguered itv.com updates daily – but this is the inevitable consequence of a hilariously mismanaged "restructuring" earlier this year. As always with mass culls, the creative types are shown the door while the middle and senior managers who devised the restructure keep their jobs.

In Channel 4 New Media, for example, there were once around 20 content producers, now there are four. And the Channel 4 Sport commissioning department of seven was abolished at the end of December. Sport is now just one of the many responsibilities of a single "off-peak commissioner", who is clearly far too busy to notice the passing of the seasons.

THE BBC's much hyped insistence on accuracy in news programmes has been dealt a blow by one of its own executives, the director of BBC World Service, Peter Horrocks.

Speaking at a Global News Live conference, he suggested that where reporters are banned from covering stories by governments in, say, Sri Lanka or Iran, "maybe we should be more honest about using agency material" and "be clear about what we know and what we don't know". In other words, news teams "should be more relaxed in terms of material used".

This gives the green light for reporters to broadcast material they have not been able to check with the care demanded by the BBC's own guidelines: hard-to-verify stories from rival news agencies, from social networking sites or from blogs.

THE *Independent* reports that a "newly released memo" it obtained from the BBC under the freedom of information act "revives the theory that Jill Dando was killed by a Serbian hitman in revenge for the Nato bombing of a Belgrade TV station".

The "secret BBC minute" reveals that the then director of News, Tony Hall, was threatened that "he would be next".

It's odd that the *Indy* had to prise this info from the BBC using an FoI request. It was, after all, widely reported at the time of the murder and again at the trial of Barry George. The only person not to take the threat seriously was DCI Hamish Campbell, who led the murder investigation. "To suggest the murder is driven by Serbia or state-sponsored terrorists is not going to stand up in my professional opinion," he said.

Why, then, was the BBC so reluctant to hand over the memo, when so much was already in the public domain? A clue lies in an embarrassing detail of a programme review board in 2001 after the original George guilty verdict. The BBC was eager to run a special programme about the sensational murder on the day of the verdict, but Lorraine Heggessey, BBC1 controller at the time, appeared worried about a ratings clash with the tennis, declaring tastefully that it was "unlucky having Tim Henman against it".

"THE UK production industry has been far too London-centric for far too long and we are committed to nurturing talent from Scotland," declared former BBC One controller Lorraine Heggessey last week, announcing that her independent company TalkbackThames had won an exciting new commission from BBC One.

The programme – a prime-time Saturday night entertainment show – will be produced from a new office north of the border set up with the help of a £75,000 grant from the Scottish government. And what is the tartan-tinged Caledonian delight in question? Er, another run of imported Japanese game show *Hole in the Wall*, in which celebrity guests attempt to hurl themselves through a gap in a moving wall to avoid being dunked in a swimming pool.

As Dale Winton has declined to be involved in a second series, it will instead be presented by Anton Du Beke – who will make the 400-mile commute from his central London home to Glasgow's Pacific Quay studios for filming.

THE Insider, the *Sunday Express*'s pisspoor diary, announces that it is "shocked to hear that Rupert Murdoch's Sky Italia has become the numero uno place for Italians to get pornography... [it] makes big bucks for Murdoch's company".

If they are shocked by the Dirty Digger's exploits in Italy, the sensitive souls at the Insider must be speechless with horror at the TV porn empire which another press baron not a million miles from their own office has built up in this country – so speechless, indeed, they can't bring themselves to mention it.

MODESTY BLAZE

"ONCE upon a time, a long time ago, I was chatted up by an intergalactic film star. 'No, No, No,' I said. 'I love women, not men.' 'Yes, Yes, Yes,' he insisted. It was one of those moments – apparently an offer I couldn't refuse. I did refuse..."

Thus began a gloriously immodest *Grauniad* column by ancient Leninist hack Bea Campbell, striving to explain why she – a self professed republican – didn't refuse an OBE in the recent birthday honours list.

"Looking at the community of great feminists who have been 'gonged', there is a pattern of unyielding creative challenge," she wrote. "They're women who just don't give up, who've deployed their politics and their cleverness to change what can be known, what can be done, who we can be. These gongs announce: their country needs them!... You ask yourself the question: how can I accept anything from this horrible imperial regime? And yet, getting gonged confers recognition of 'citizens' contributions' to a good society – in my case equality – and the gesture affirms our necessity: the radicals – not the royalists – are the best of British."

So there it is: Bea took the OBE not only as the reward due to a great feminist, but also because countless citizens and radicals would feel their good works had gone unrecognised if she turned it down. This has caused wild hilarity among her old comrades. One said he couldn't remember anything like it since the left-wing MP Judith Hart became a Dame in 1979. "It's not for myself," she explained. "I've accepted it on behalf of the Third World."

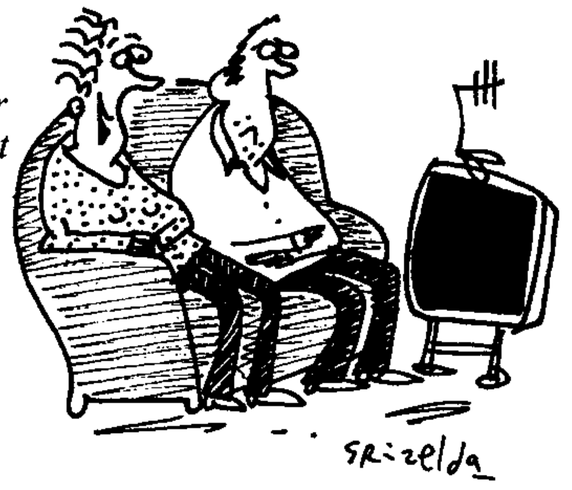
BUFFER'S GUIDE

ACTRESS Greta Scacchi's high-profile campaign to persuade restaurant-goers to boycott establishments that don't support sustainable fishing raised difficult questions for a number of consumers – chiefly, how much of her posing in the buff with that big fish can we get away with showing?

The *Express* ignored it completely, knowing that the right place for naked actresses is on proprietor Richard Desmond's string of pornographic TV channels. The *Telegraph, Daily Mail* and *Observer* all neatly excised Ms Scacchi's left nipple by artificially extending the cod's pectoral fin in a manner that would have left the poor beast swimming in circles, and maintained Fleet Street's long-standing "no fur" policy by cropping the picture well above the pubic hair line.

The *Guardian* ran it anatomically complete, four days after everyone else and with a sarky caption (as is also traditional). And the *Evening Standard*, true to editor Geordie Greig's mission to be "cosmopolitan, new, exciting, inclusive and quirky", whipped off her nipple but left the pubic hair in situ.

"This channel is much better since it shut down"



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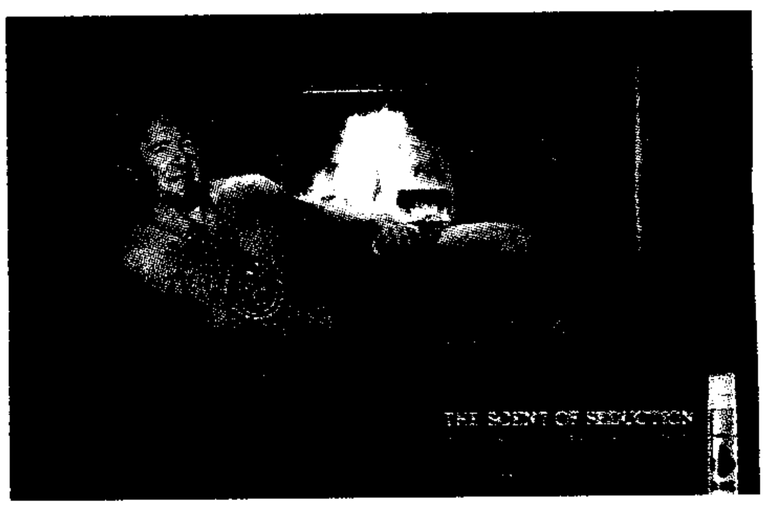


"ALL the junk food they are eating, and the lack of physical exertion, is it any wonder so many children are becoming more aggressive?" pointed out Piers Morgan in 2005.

Four years on he remains so appalled by the noxious effect of fast food on the nation's youth that he has... accepted a fat cheque from Burger King to front an ad campaign for the chain.

Morgan appears on posters naked save for a strategically placed drape, lolling in front of an open fire – or at least his head does. The body, he admitted last weekend, is that of model Grant Clarke, putting to an end a bogus "debate" whipped up by the company's PR representatives, who released a "behind the scenes" video to YouTube, glaringly edited to demonstrate that the impressive pecs and equally protuberant jowls never appear in the same shot.

Meanwhile Moron would only say that speculation about fakery was "Wild media speculation." But then he said that about the last photo fakery scandal he was at the centre of too: the "calculated and malicious hoax" photographs which he splashed on the front page of the *Mirror* in 2004 and insisted (despite "categorical" evidence to the contrary) showed soldiers of the Queen's Lancashire Regiment abusing civilians in Iraq.

Burger King insists that the product being advertised – a £4.99 cologne with "a hint of flame-grilled meat" – is not meant to be ironic. But the involvement of Moron definitely is.

PS: Can an advertising campaign for Krispy Kreme be far behind? Last month, Moron proclaimed that "if Susan Boyle doesn't win *Britain's Got Talent*, I'm a doughnut."

THE Coca-Cola Company is about to launch a big advertising push for its Glaceau Vitamin Water brand, but it looks as if it might not have read its own labels.

In January last year Coca-Cola Enterprises hired FirstCare, an "Absence Management Specialist" consultancy, to help reduce absenteeism in the company. Results were impressive – an overall decline in sickies of 34 percent by January this year, according to FirstCare.

Plainly, Coca-Cola employees haven't been drinking enough Vitamin Water, because if they had read the label on the raspberry flavour they would have seen the following: "If you've had to use sick days because you've actually been sick then you're seriously missing out, my friend. The trick is to use sick days to stay perky and just, erm, not go in."

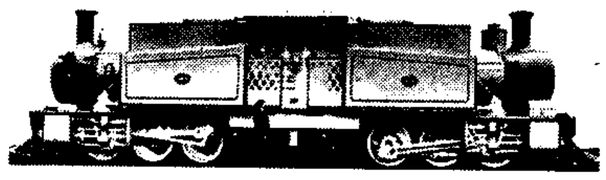
So, Coca-Cola employees, this summer do as your paymasters bid: "Just stick with the ever elusive '24-hour bug' – no one can prove a thing."

SUPERMODELS

KERBER

VOGUE EDITOR HITS OUT!
SUPER-SKINNY GIRLS ARE NO GOOD! WE NEED BIGGER, WIDER, CURVIER MODELS!!!
BECAUSE THEY'RE HEALTHIER?
VOGUE
NO... BECAUSE WE NEED TO FILL UP SOME PAGES!!!

SIGNAL FAILURES



METRONET SPECIAL

DESPITE the lessons of Railtrack and Metronet – that handing rail infrastructure to profit-driven outfits is disastrous for taxpayers and passengers – a committee advising on the long-term replacement for the failed Metronet public private partnership reckons the answer could be... another PPP.

Metronet crashed in 2007, four years into a 30-year deal to maintain and upgrade two-thirds of London Underground's infrastructure. The National Audit Office's newly published post mortem says options considered by the joint committee include "whole system outsourcing for the lines and assets previously maintained by Metronet to the private sector, giving the private sector major responsibility and discretion over parts of the infrastructure".

Readers shouldn't be surprised. The committee comprises Transport for London and LU (in Boris Johnson's remit), the Treasury and transport department (prop: Gordon Brown) and Partnerships UK, the PPP cheerleader whose website boasts of "notable areas of activity" including supporting PPPs "to upgrade the London Underground".

The NAO left the PPP door ajar. In estimating taxpayers' losses from Metronet, it "intentionally avoided reopening the debate about whether the PPP arrangements were better value for money than public-sector alternatives". The NAO also understated losses: "We estimate there has been a direct loss to the taxpayer of between £170m and £410m. Passengers have had to endure late delivery of scheduled work and the cancellation of promised upgrades to stations."

The past tense is significant. The NAO's calculations omitted future losses, as Metronet's permanent replacement isn't yet decided. But that didn't stop the NAO driving down its lowest estimated loss on a "best case" hypothesis that another PPP will take over; it reckoned most of the £126m LU spent setting up Metronet's contracts wouldn't then be lost, as the new PPP would reuse the same foundations. Metronet's debt was repaid with £1.7bn from taxpayers, but against that the NAO offset estimated investment (£1.5bn to £1.6bn).

Those desktop calculations ignore legacies which will challenge engineers for years, whatever business model is chosen. For instance, the NAO didn't mention that Metronet's contract for new Circle, Hammersmith, District and Metropolitan signalling was dumped and a fresh one still hasn't been let, and it didn't estimate the sums needed for stop-gap changes to old signalling as new trains arrive (*Eye* 1230).

THE NAO report highlights the government's lax approach to public finances when Gordon Brown was supposed to be the "prudent" chancellor.

PPPs took borrowing for tube upgrades off Brown's books. Lenders ran scared of the complex, multi-disciplinary deals, so they got informal ministerial "assurance" which ultimately meant taxpayers had to cough up £1.7bn, covering almost all Metronet's final debt. Despite exposing taxpayers to such risk *and* giving the PPPs around £1bn a year, the government created no system to keep tabs on Metronet. It expected lenders to "identify and resolve" problems, says the NAO, but they didn't – as "only 5 percent of the lenders' investment was at risk".

Democracy reared its head when arch PPP opponent Ken Livingstone became mayor. Brown and his cronies stopped LU passing into Livingstone's hands until PPPs were in place, three years after most of London's administration was devolved. A contractual Berlin wall between LU and Metronet stopped the mayor meddling or even knowing what Metronet was doing. LU had no option to end PPPs voluntarily (standard in public-private contracts). The result of hamstringing LU is clear from the NAO report: "LU... did not have the full array of contractual levers to drive improved performance when necessary. Metronet did not provide good quality performance and cost information."

IN 2001 Ernst & Young won a lucrative contract to administer Railtrack. In 2002 the government said its decision to press ahead with tube PPP followed an "independent review" of value for money – by the same Ernst & Young that would be in pole position to make money from administering any tube PPP that collapsed. E&Y's review said that in overall terms, the PPP contracts "appear to be based on reasonable assumptions and a practical approach has been adopted to dealing with some complex technical, financial and legal issues".

The contractual flaws were soon exposed when Metronet went to the administrators – none other than E&Y (motto: "From thought to finish"). The NAO's Metronet report doesn't comment on E&Y's involvement at both ends, but notes: "Ernst & Young was paid £33m in administration fees" by taxpayers.

"THE main cause of Metronet's failure was its poor corporate governance and leadership," says the NAO, fingering Metronet's five shareholders. They included Atkins, which seconded a director to head Metronet's stations programme. The NAO report says station refurbishment "in particular" was "late and over budget" and bedevilled by "ambiguities in scope, poor programme management and delays".

Since Metronet's demise Atkins has won three contracts for London's £16bn Crossrail, including one this month for, er, interior design and specification of all Crossrail stations.

'Dr B Ching'

● PRIVATISATION specialist Capita has given the revolving door another spin, this time at one of its subsidiaries.

Capita Symonds, which chases consultancy contracts from public sector bodies including the Highways Agency, has hired a new Mr Motorway: it is taking on Archie Robertson, outgoing chief executive officer of... the Highways Agency!

LEVELLING THE PLAYING FIELDS

SO MUCH for being an "Olympic borough". The London borough of Waltham Forest (LBWF) is planning to build on the only bit of green sports space available in the Leyton area: the old Essex County Cricket Ground.

LBWF wants to build two new schools on the site, a primary and a secondary, for 1,800 pupils. It claims the ground is under-used for sports, but residents say the council has failed to promote the venue and has priced youngsters out of it.

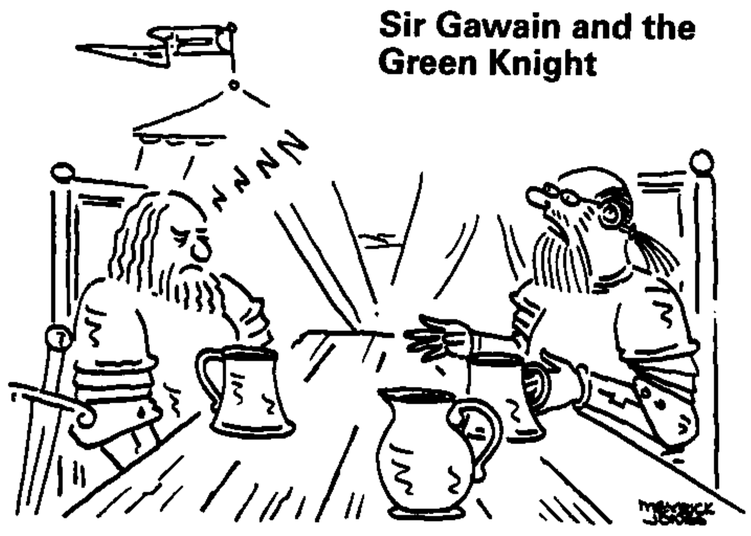
"The only thing we have which is nice in the area is the old county ground," says Marilyn Payne of the Leyton Triangle campaign group. "It's a wide open space and has been a wonderful facility for young people."

In fact it appears the council doesn't actually have the right to build on the ground. LBWF is the trustee of the charity that controls the land, but cannot do whatever it likes there. Paperwork from when the land was gifted to the council in 1948 states that it must be "preserved as an open space within the meaning of the Open Spaces Act 1906 for ever".

LBWF should therefore need written consent from the Charity Commission to proceed with its plans; but as the commission recently wrote to campaigners in Leyton: "It is difficult to see how building a school on the site can be said to further the charitable purposes for which the land was given." If the council pushes ahead with the plans, it says, it will be interpreted as "an attempt to appropriate charity land".

However, the council and its lawyers are confident they can get the restrictions lifted, so the battle isn't over yet.

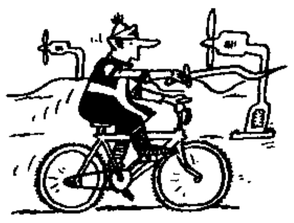
Sir Gawain and the Green Knight



"Take my armour for example – recycled milk churns. My lance comes from sustainable hardwood sources. My saddle is woven from hemp"

ECO GNOMICS

Breaking wind



GENERAL embarrassment over the launch of a new anti wind farm lobby group last week, NAWAG (the National Alliance for Windfarm Action Groups), uniting various opposition groups across England, Wales and Scotland.

"For too long, the 'greenwash' of the wind industry has gone unchallenged, and that stops today," thundered the press release. "As anyone who has come up against the pro-wind lobby will tell you, behind wind power's 'cuddly' image lies a cynical and harsh reality... Every landscape is at risk of industrialisation from a wind lobby high on public subsidy and hungry for profits."

Among the more bizarre and unsubstantiated claims was that wind farms damage people's health and impact negatively on tourism. For good measure NAWAG said it was anti nuclear power too; so without a massive increase in coal-fired power, the new coalition is hazy on how Britain's energy needs might be met without wind farms.

The group's first chairman, and author of the press release, was one Jon McLeod, a seasoned PR lobbyist with Weber Shandwick and chairman of the company's UK Public Affairs practice – where his clients have included the Carbon Trust, which champions, er, wind energy.

McLeod lives in a large pile in Derbyshire with his novelist wife Wendy Holden, where the pair are opposing construction of a wind farm which will affect local views.

Unfortunately McLeod made a surprisingly naive PR mistake, sending out his NAWAG press release from his work email account. His employer, which of all the large PR firms has built something of a green reputation and is generally acknowledged by environmentalists as an active voice for greener business, had not been warned of his plans. This posed a particular problem in Scotland, where Weber Shandwick has a range of clients in the thriving renewable energy sector so disliked by McLeod.

Within hours, McLeod had to issue a grovelling apology saying he had sent the announcement from his work address in error, was operating in an entirely personal capacity, was stepping down as chairman of NAWAG and would no longer take any public role in the organisation. An all-round PR triumph for McLeod and his NIMBY lobby!

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

TURF LOVE

DONCASTER'S new "English Democrat" mayor Peter Davies is a failed Tory and UKIP candidate, elected on the EDP's platform of law 'n' order, "celebrating Englishness", abolishing "political correctness" and halting immigration – "BNP lite", as critics have called it.

He was elected on 4 June and immediately got off to a bad start on his first day in office, walking out of an interview with Radio Sheffield after interviewer Toby Foster exposed the fact that he had given rather less thought to his "policies" than the average saloon bar ranter.

He was going to cut "PC jobs" he told Foster – "things like diversity officers, er, the things that are usually advertised in the *Guardian*... all these people who are, sort of, controlling thought processes and this sort of thing, and er, erm... every department is riddled with this sort of nonsense these days."

Davies became irritated as it became clear that he hadn't done his homework. Foster claimed that cutting translation services for non-English speakers would be "more than likely illegal", to which Davies replied: "I dunno." He was going to cut funding for the town's Gay Pride event, but "didn't have a clue" how much that funding was: "I haven't looked into... I haven't got the details."

Ah, yes. Davies has "nothing against gays", of course – he just isn't keen on them "advertising and parading their sexuality" courtesy of the taxpayer. When the new mayor got round to checking, he discovered that Doncaster council is funding the Pride event in August to the tune of £3,000 – a modest sum, one might think, in support of an event that is expected to bring 9,000 people, wallets bulging with pink pounds, into the town centre. In fact, after having the situation explained to him, he changed his mind, so the funding will not be withdrawn after all. Happily, that's one pledge broken already. Queer old game, politics.

● CONGRATULATIONS to Roger Stone, leader of Rotherham council, who has been awarded an OBE "for services to local government" in the Queen's Birthday Honours. Could this be the same Roger Stone who, as *Eye* 1097 reported in 2004, escaped prosecution after being found to have made ten "inappropriate" expenses claims, including one for a non-existent £50 train journey?

TWICK QUESTION

RESIDENTS of the London borough of Richmond, angry at the Lib Dem council's apparent determination to steamroller through an unpopular development of luxury homes that would destroy an award-winning community garden, a popular local cafe and a children's playground beside the Thames at Twickenham, appealed to Twickers MP Vince Cable after the council ignored the result of its own public consultation, which came out against any development of the site.

The council's chosen developer is the *Eye*'s old friend, Countryside Properties. Worried residents, mindful of Countryside's record – such as its dodgy (and, after we wrote about it, abandoned) scheme to build 600 homes on land heavily contaminated with asbestos in Rochdale – contacted Cable in the hope of enlisting his support.

Alas, St Vincent replied that he had been in touch with his Lib Dem colleagues in Rochdale and had been told that "the problem was not major and its [CP's] developments are good". Which, as any *Eye* reader knows, is a long way from the truth. Come on Vince, sort this out before the halo slips...

● NEWS of a healthier way to waste taxpayers' money, from the land of the deep-fried Mars bar and the Scotch pie sandwich.

Councils and other public bodies in Scotland are being encouraged by a McQuango called Paths to Health to get their employees to participate in "Workplace Walking" at lunch times. Health-conscious Jimmies can't just go for a walk, however; they have to fill in a health assessment form first and be taken for walkies by a trained "workplace walk leader" wearing a yellow luminous vest. And there they were, thinking the journey from pub to fish shop for a lunchtime poke of chips was exercise enough.

SALIM CHANCE

FURTHER to the last *Eye*'s report on the handsome pay rises dispensed to mainly Bangladeshi cabinet colleagues by Lutfur Rahman, Labour leader of Tower Hamlets council, opposition Tory councillor Phil Briscoe has been doing his sums.

He has discovered how much work Lutfur's various committee chairmen did for their money (£8,069 on top of a basic allowance of £9,698) in the financial year 2008-2009 and then worked out their true rates of pay. Cllr Mohammed Shahid Ali, for example, was chair of the general purposes committee, which sat for a grand total of 91 minutes during the year – giving him a handsome rate of £5,320.21 an hour, or £88.67 a minute. An even bigger ligger, however, was Cllr Salim Ullah, who put in an arduous 10 minutes as chair of the appeals committee, for which he "earned" £806.90 a minute. Nice work!

Meanwhile the council's assistant chief executive, Lutfur Ali, has emailed councillors with a lie – sorry, line – that they are expected to trot out if asked about the disgraceful treatment of the council's respected chief executive, Martin Smith. As the last *Eye* reported, Smith has been sent home to "consider his future" because he has lost the confidence of the council leadership. Mr Smith is believed to have two major failings: *viz* he is white and not a Muslim.

Lutfur Ali, who was shoehorned into his £125,000-a-year post ahead of better-qualified candidates last year (*Eye* 1219), wrote: "You may be aware that there has been a certain level of media interest in relation to Martin Smith. This email seeks to formally inform you as to the Council's current position regarding this matter: 'Martin Smith is on annual leave and as usual Kevan Collins the Corporate Director of Children's Services and Deputy Chief Executive is covering the Chief Executive's role in Martin's absence'. The Council's Communications Service is using this response to all media enquiries."

The East London Mosque, which now likes to approve key appointments at the council, is believed to want Lutfur Ali to take over from Smith. Whether even Lutfur Rahman et al will have the brass neck to pull that one off remains to be seen.

I-SPY *Hove* (Submitted by Simon Worrall)

POTTY-MOUTHED

RUCTIONS in Peterborough, where council sleuths are trying try to find the mole who leaked a story of wrongdoing to the local radio station.

A sub-committee of the standards committee had decided that calling a member of the public a "little wanker" and challenging him to a fight was, perhaps, not the most sensible course of action for a councillor. It therefore recommended that Tory Darren Morley should appear before a standards hearing to be held in public. Morley had rarely troubled the local media before allegedly picking on the "little wanker" in question – a 5ft 1in, dyslexic, single father of a child with Asperger syndrome – on the stairway at a public meeting.

Alarms bells rang when the story turned up as the main news item on the wireless. Good grief! We can't have the public hearing about, er, a public hearing, can we? As Pottyborough's chief executive Gillian Beasley said last year after being spotted, head in hands, with a copy of *Private Eye* open on her desk: "It makes us look stupid." Peterborough councillors are more than capable of that, without any help from here.

● BLUE-SKY quote of the week, from Richard Crouch, Somerset county council's head of human resources, at a presentation at which he sang the praises of SouthwestOne, the council's useless IT outsourcing project (*Eyes passim*): "Having finished my deck of powerpoint slides I shall now ping over to Paul who no doubt will be granular in providing you with the long-tail solutions in implementing the TOM by the TIMs through the twilight zone and beyond." Who said local government lacked poetry?

IT'S GRIM UP NORTH LONDON — KNIFE & PACKER

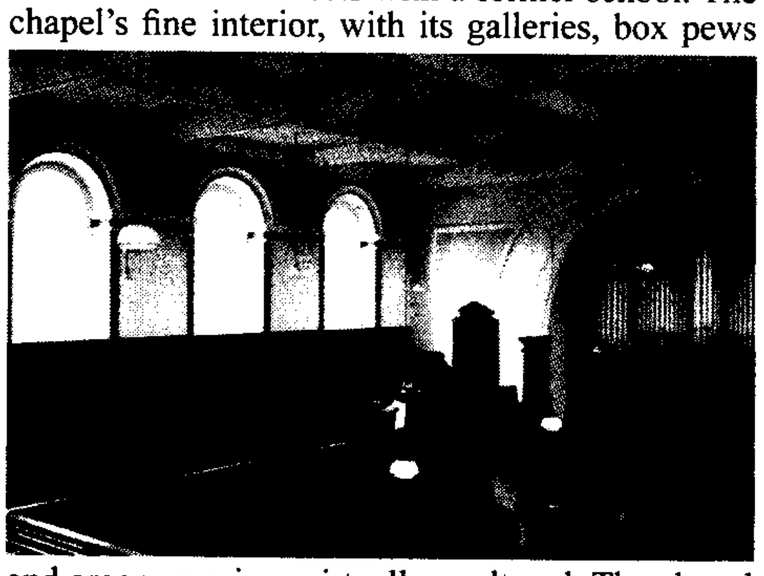
IT'S GREAT TO BE ON THE ROAD, DELIVERING FOOD TO THE NEEDY...
THE OLD, THE INFIRM...
AND THOSE TOO WEAK TO USE A GARLIC PRESSER
EVERY LITTLE HELPS, JEZ, EVERY LITTLE HELPS...

NOOKS and CORNERS

WHAT is to be done with redundant chapel buildings of exceptional interest? The Church of England has an advisory and administrative structure to deal with redundant churches which, on the whole, works well. Roman Catholic churches also enjoy a degree of protection. But the chief problem now seems to be nonconformist places of worship.

By their nature these church congregations tend to be independent and not subject to central control. Many now seem indecently keen to rid themselves of their often large and neglected buildings. Several have been taken on by that admirable charity, the Historic Chapels Trust (which has also rescued four Roman Catholic chapels), but its positive intervention requires the goodwill of the church community and that is not always forthcoming.

A disgraceful example is Hopton United Reform Church, across the river Calder from Mirfield in Yorkshire. It was built in 1829, of stone, with a Doric portico, as a Congregational chapel. A hall to the rear connects with a former school. The chapel's fine interior, with its galleries, box pews



and organ, survives virtually unaltered. The chapel is listed grade II* – rare for such buildings and indicating its exceptional interest and importance.

In 1972 the Presbyterian and Congregational churches in England combined as the United Reform Church and took over Hopton Chapel. It was closed in 2006. The building is now in a poor state of repair and on English Heritage's Buildings At Risk register.

Immediately after closure, the property arm of the Yorkshire Synod of the URC, the Yorkshire Congregational Union (Incorporated), tried to sell up and a local developer devised a plan to turn it into flats – a scheme the Friends of Friendless Churches described as "barbarous".

When English Heritage said it wouldn't allow subdivision of the chapel's unspoilt interior, the planning application was withdrawn. The Historic Chapels Trust then tried to help. Working with the United Reform Church's own regeneration agency, "One Church, 100 Uses", it commissioned a report which showed that the hall and former school to the rear can be converted to office or studio use, or possibly flats, to generate an income; and that social housing can be built on land next to the chapel. The trust also advised that the URC should apply to English Heritage for a grant for emergency work on the chapel roof.

The Yorkshire Congregational Union was not interested. This body is independent and wilfully ignores the advice even of the URC's own listed building advisory committee. Earlier this year it announced its intention to sell the chapel and site at auction, with a guide price of £20,000. The Historic Chapels Trust acted quickly and, again working with the URC's own One Church, 100 Uses, enlisted the help of other charities and offered £20,000 in cash. Had this been accepted, it would have saved the auction house's fees and secured a satisfactory future for the chapel – which included its use by the URC. But the union was determined to sell at auction to the highest bid. The chapel has now been sold – unseen – to a developer for a mere £40,000. The likelihood is that while parts of the site may be developed, nothing will happen to the chapel and this listed building will continue to decay.

Congregational independence is all very well, but in whose interest is the Yorkshire Congregational Union acting when it seems only interested in money? Not in the interest of the local community, the wider public or the good name of the United Reform Church.

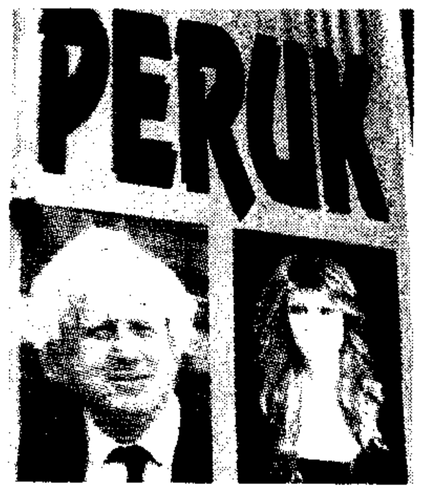
NOT that the C of E behaves much better. The diocese of Chichester has just decided to close and demolish St Barnabas in Bexhill-on-Sea, a fine late Victorian church, designed by Sir Arthur Blomfield in 1891, enlarged in 1939 and now listed grade II.

Recently the congregation has had a difficult time: an arson attack damaged the roof four years ago; and two years ago the incumbent resigned under a very dark cloud. After an interval, a new priest was instituted in April and then, a week later, the congregation was told of a draft pastoral scheme to close the church and given just 28 days to "consult". As a new vicar has been appointed and announced that he thinks the congregation has "huge potential to grow", St Barnabas' is* not *redundant. So why is the church to close? Money.

An offer has been made to buy the site and redevelop it with a health clinic plus a large block of flats. This wheeze has been promoted by a local doctor with a surgery close by; and the Bishop of Lewes, keen to maximise assets, assures the congregation it will be much better off with a new building on the site for the next 75 years.

But this – if it is built at all – will not be a church but a mere meeting hall seating some 35 people – scarcely scope for the congregation to grow. Meanwhile, the diocese hopes to lock the doors of St Barnabas' as soon as possible: the usual recipe for decay, theft, vandalism and arson. As the Victorian Society says: "Closing the building is a drastic move to make before any plans for the site have been fully drawn up, let alone agreed on." It is also wrong.

'Piloti'



I-SPY

Wig shop, Istanbul.

Submitted by John Mitchell.

£10 paid for similar submissions.

(SAE required for return of photographs)

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

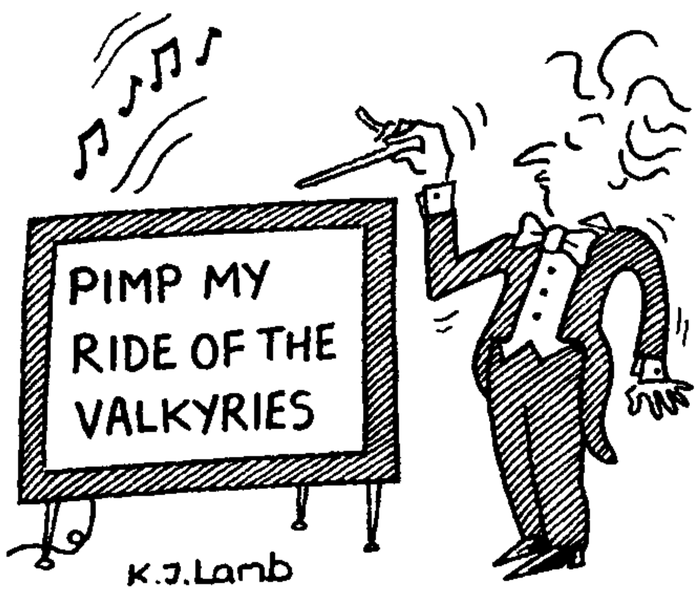
IT'S been a bad week for the credibility of music competitions.

Many listeners thought the result of Cardiff Singer of the World was wrong in favouring a nice but dull Russian soprano over a white-hot Ukrainian countertenor. And there was a critical outcry against the Van Cliburn Competition in America when it awarded one of the most prestigious prizes in the music world to a young Japanese pianist called Nobuyuki Tsujii.

By most accounts, Tsujii wasn't that good and had poor coordination with the orchestra in the concerto finals. But then, he *is* blind; and his blindness has thrust the whole debate about the competition into minefields of sociopolitical sensibility. Should blind pianists play concertos? Is there any reason why they shouldn't? And did Tsujii win because the jury made allowances for his handicap?

Music history is full of blind, deaf or otherwise challenged performers, one of them called Beethoven. But there's bound to be a problem when they're part of an ensemble – which is why putting the likes of Andrea Bocelli into staged opera doesn't work.

Meanwhile, the Tsujii row is gathering momentum, with lobby groups weighing in and the 20-year-old in the middle of it all insisting: "There was no coordination problem – I could follow the conductor's breathing." Amid all that thunderous orchestral noise? The maestro must have had a bronchial condition.



AN interesting statistic slipped out of the recently published data on higher education demographics. It transpires that while Oxford and Cambridge traditionally get the flak for public-school bias in their admissions, with state intakes of only 53 percent and 57 percent respectively, they're way outclassed (if that's the word) by the Royal Academy of Music, which in 2007-08 took a mere 39.7 percent of its students from the state sector.

As this gives the RAM the lowest proportion of state-school students among all the surveyed higher-education institutions, it might suggest the Academy is the most snobbishly elitist college in the country. More likely it simply reflects the government's persistent failure to provide a decent music education for the average British child.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

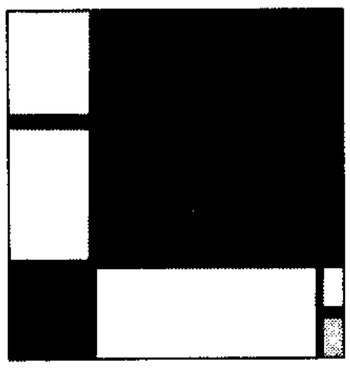
YOUNG BRITISH ARTISTS

BY BIRCH

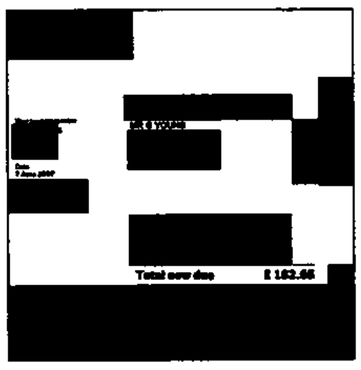
Banksy's pulled off an amazingly audacious stunt! Just imagine putting on a show...
BANKSY V BRISTOL MUSEUM! SHOW KEPT SECRET FROM COUNCIL BIGWIGS. OR SO THEY SAY..
... in a museum and art gallery!
What a rebel!

Letters

Lookalike



Expenses claim



Mondrian

Sir,

Having ignored all the unreliable coverage of MPs' expenses in the so-called media, I couldn't wait to turn to the official release of this information from Parliament today. I was immediately struck by the extraordinary resemblance between the expenses claim of my own MP Sir George Young and the work of the brilliant modernist Dutch painter Piet Mondrian.

Yours, in celebration of open government,
BERNARD CLARKE,

Ecchinswell, Hampshire.

Musical note

Sir,

Music & Musicians (Eye 1234) said that our firm had apparently "collapsed".

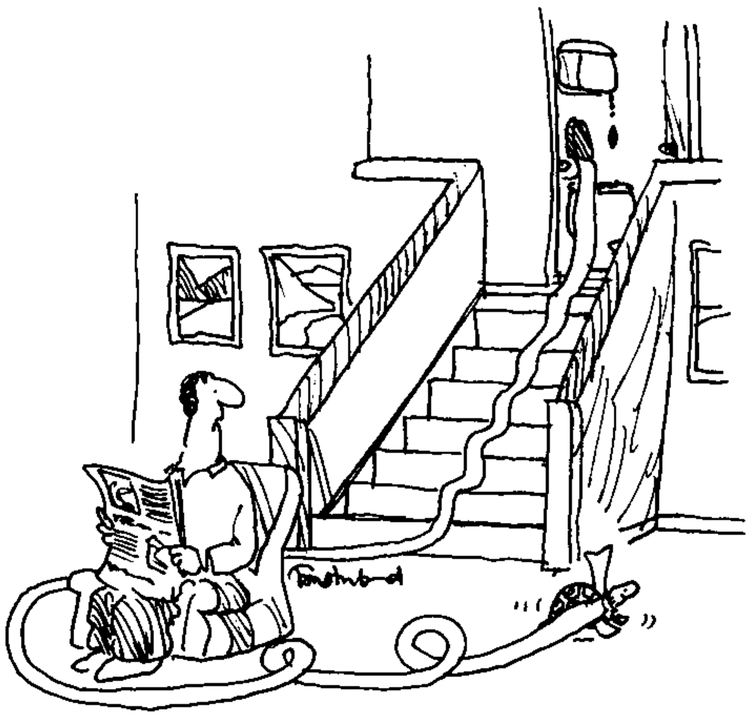
Whilst the "old" Broadwood company has gone out of business, we were able to acquire its name, goodwill and assets; and we soldier on, engaged in a very unfashionable activity: manual bench work. We intend to continue to build and repair pianos in Britain. More and more people around the world are becoming brainwashed into believing that there is no meaning to their lives unless they are sitting, zombie-like, in front of a keyboard, pressing the plastic keys. Here at Broadwoods, we offer a healthy alternative: we train people to press piano keys in order to build beautiful sounds out of the chaos of wood and wire. It is a bench skill which this country has been justifiably proud of (Haydn, Beethoven, Chopin and Liszt all used British pianos, for example) and it is a skill that we are anxious to transmit to a future generation.

As Royal Warrant holders, we continue to be summoned to the Palace to tune and service Her Majesty's pianos. (There is nothing more likely to ruin an important prestigious diplomatic function than an out-of-tune piano!)

With luck, we will still be around when the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Broadwood business is reached in 2028.

Yours sincerely,
DR A.D. LAURENCE,

Director, John Broadwood and Sons Ltd.



Witch report

Sir,

In the last issue of Private Eye (Media News, 1238) you write: "When the Dispatches production team went up to collect the prize at the ceremony held in Lambeth Palace, they found themselves joined by one Aaqil Ahmed, the Muslim who has just been appointed head of religion at the BBC. 'What are you doing here?' the cameraman demanded."

I think I happen to be that cameraman, as I attended the award ceremony that night, and I did also shoot "Saving Africa's Witch Children". But... what you say about me is factually wrong. I am not (only) the cameraman, my official credit is actually co-producer/ director (together with Mags Gavan), and, more importantly, I did not actually "demand" of Mr Ahmed "What are you doing here?" In fact I just went over to him to greet him. I had met him during the edit in Cardiff once and thought it completely normal to go over to him and talk. I would never be so rude to "demand" anything of someone who we have actually been working with. Furthermore, I find it completely to be expected that the BBC's new Head of Religious Programmes is present at a religious awards ceremony. Whatever politics are surrounding Aaqil Ahmed's persona, I do not wish to be involved in them.

All best,
JOOST VAN DER VALK,

Via email.

Olympian spirit

Sir,

Re reader Bryn Glower's idea to house MPs at the Olympic Village after the 2012 Games in issue 1238.

I was under the impression that a shuttle service already existed between Stratford and Westminster. Those of us who are burdened with our own travel costs and the pleasure of a daily crush call it the Jubilee Line.

Regards,
JOHNNY WAGSTAFF,

Chelmsford, Essex.

● The reader in question was in fact Mr Bryn Glover, not Glower. Apologies for the typographical slip.

Sir,

Sir Christopher Kelly believes the British public would like MPs to live in the Olympic village after the 2012 games.

But that won't solve the expenses problem. I have it on good authority that many of the residences in the new development – which will be sold after the event – have been built without kitchens. Why? To encourage athletes to use the onsite restaurants or local amenities instead.

So the same MPs who will have to explain to the British public why thousands of "social" residences will have to have new kitchens installed before they can be sold would run up vast expenses claims feeding their fat faces at local restaurants if they ever lived there.

ANON,

(Name and address supplied)

Magic spell

Sir,

I was surprised to see that you had included the sign from Pendle on page 14 of issue 1238.

In view of the long association of Pendle Hill with witchcraft surely the banning of "EXORCISING OF DOGS" and for that matter their owners, is entirely appropriate?

(Dr) ROD HUDSON,

Via email.

Scenes You Seldom See

"And Mummy will be very, very cross if she finds out we didn't eat lots of fries with our quarter-pounder"

Just fancy that! Pt I

Sir,

I have an idea for one of your Just Fancy That boxes:

Private Eye exposes cruel, misogynistic taunting of Susan Boyle on the basis of her appearance by gutter press. – Private Eye, 25 June p. 7

Private Eye refers to failed Apprentice Debra Barr as 'hatchet faced'. – Private Eye, 25 June p. 7

Please try and keep a tighter rein in future on this new generation of ex-public school, post-Nuts, pseudo-lads who appear to be taking over your estimable organ.

CATHY COOPER,

London.

Law unto themselves

Sir,

It may not surprise you to know that neither Caroline Flint nor Nigel Farage gave an entirely accurate picture of the percentage of our laws emanating from the EU (Brussels Sprouts, Eye 1238). Ms Flint's 9 per cent takes into account only statutory instruments: but Mr Farage's 75 per cent is based on a total misunderstanding – the uncharitable might say misrepresentation – of Hans-Gert Pottering's statements. Mr Pottering's point was that 75 per cent of legislation ***passed by the EU*** *emanated from the European Parliament; his comments are irrelevant to any debate on legislation within member states.*

There are in fact no reliable figures available. More respectable sources than these two politicians have placed the figure anywhere between 20 and 50 per cent. But two things are certain: 9 per cent is a distortion, and 75 per cent is a fantasy.

MARCUS PITCAITHLY,

Oxford.

Probation on trial

Sir,

I was saddened to see Private Eye believing Probation Service PR ("EDS You Lose", Eye 1238) that the murder of the two French students was the fault of an American computer company.

It was the fact that probation staff see criminals as "clients" and regard victims as irrelevant.

In this case, as in all the others, no one is ever sacked or disciplined and its all the fault of "lack of resources" or politicians.

Regards,
NICK BINNS,

Slough.

Chorus of approval

Sir,

While I whole-heartedly agree that Classic FM's output could be at best described as "kitsch", some of the Eye's recent claims about what Classic FM says it "owns" are slightly inaccurate.

The music college you refer to in the article is the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama in Cardiff, of which I am a student – and we are referred to as "Classic FM's partner in Music Education" – not at all implying that CFM owns the college. This relationship is very important to us in a time when music funding in general is being severely cut back by the public sector.

It's also important to realise that, although they may be guilty of playing many of their most popular pieces ad nauseam, its mission statement is very different to that of Radio 3 – which is committed to raising the profile of modern classical music; something Classic FM rarely ventures towards as they know its audience would not appreciate it.

Although it's fun to mock them, CFM does an important job of raising the profile of classical music in a time when concert attendance is down, funding is limited and jobs in the sector are at threat – and anything it does to promote classical music to the mass market is something that should be applauded, not criticised.

Yours,
DAVID HOPKINS,

Via email.

Craig's list

Sir,

A novelist without fame or fortune must be grateful for any publicity, so it was with profound thankfulness that I read Bookworm mentioning "Hearts and Minds" in his column of your esteemed organ, in the course of inveighing against my piece against the current fashion for history-lite fiction.

But why this ire over anyone daring to question the national addiction to bonnets and bustles? Could it be that Bookworm is himself the author of a historical novel, and therefore has a vested interest in the genre? I think we should be told.

Yours sincerely,
AMANDA CRAIG

London NW1.

Lookalike

Rickman

Gaddafi

Sir,

Surely I am not alone in noting the more-than-passing resemblance of respected thespian Muammar al-Gaddafi and "Brotherly Leader and Guide of the Revolution" Alan Rickman?

F.S. WANLESS,

Nottingham.

Mike Giggler writes...

Sir,

In Eye 1238, you describe William Haughey as a "refrigeration magnate" ("Do Not Resuscitate", p. 5). Perhaps that's why he has stuck by "new" Labour all this time?

Yours etc,
ALAN MAGRATH,

Via email.

Bono's silly sunglasses

Sir,

Nick Midgley seems to have diagnosed the wrong condition for Bono (Letters, Eye 1237). As Bono stated to the Observer in 2005: "Look, there are practical reasons, it's body armour, it's a note of necessary insincerity... I quite like not having people who I don't know looking right into my eyes, as if they might find something out about me. They do, they walk right up to you, and stick their head right into your face. So it's good that there's a barrier. And of course, the light, and the drink, makes my eyes go red, there's bit of vanity there, I don't want people to see me all puffy. Yeah, they're really handy, for a myriad of reasons. You go and tell people that!"

Please oblige Bono and tell your readers.

Best wishes,
JOHN HOPWOOD,

Via email.

"Who'd have thought walking on the grass now contravenes anti-terror laws?"

Just Fancy That! Pt II

"The Eye has long maintained that the Advertising Standards Authority is toothless" – Private Eye (1238, page 11).

"The Advertising Standards Authority has dealt a minor blow to the rail industry's campaign to wean passengers off ticket offices" – Private Eye (1238, page 12).

Marvellous!
MICHAEL SONES,

London NW10.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"He's an interesting player – short back legs..."

DAVID PLEAT, ITV
(Mrs L.R. Armstrong)

"Two Spanish flags for the crowd to see – one of them Japanese..."

CARLTON KIRBY, Eurosport
(Alvaro Bautista)

"You can never say never, unless you say never yourself."

EMILE HESKEY, TalkSport
(Niall McGinley)

"They [Andorra] are literally going to park the bus on this one."

DAVID PLEAT, ITV
(Alex Scoppie)

"Jason McGuire takes a look between his legs and likes what he sees."

DEREK THOMPSON
(Gerard Noel)

Pseudo Names

... My advisors have told me to write to Pseudo Names to show what a witty and in-touch PM I am.

GORDON BROWN.

... Pseudo Names is so wonderful, I could just kiss you!

M. WAH.

... Although I greatly enjoy the Pseudo Names section of your esteemed organ, I am concerned that it may attract "yoof" types, who will debase it with their hideous mangling of the English language.

KATYA LAITERS.

... Here in the USA we just don't get it.

IRA KNEE.

... I feel that the Pseudo Names feature represents an unwarranted trivialisation of the journalistic agenda during these turbulent times and that continuing to run it will bring down the wrath of the gods on the Eye eventually.

HUGH BRISS.

... Wonderful! It's as if these letters were composed by a class of nursery school kids.

MONTY SAURY.

... I missed the Funny Old World in issue 1238 – I was collecting them...

STAN PALBUM.

... English friends are telling us about your bogus names which we are finding most funny!

HANS KNIEZ
ANN BUMPZADAIZI.

... Perhaps the British healthcare system would be able to help Mr Dickie Hart (Pseudo Names, 1237) with his affliction.

N.A. CHESS.

... If this silly nonsense is allowed to continue I can foresee people taking to the streets and fighting each other to the death!

SYBIL WAUGH.

... These Pseudo Names are about as interesting as a BBC traffic report.

EMMA TWENTYFIVE
ANDY CLOCKWISE
ELAINE CLOSED
and MILES TAILBACK.

... I utterly fail to understand all the fuss about the BNP.

I. LITTLER.

... The day the excruciating Pseudo Names column is brought to an end I will be the first to cry "Halleluiah".

MICHAEL ROWE-DEBOTHA-SHAW.

... My mother coming from Thailand and my father being Italian, English is not my first language and so the subtleties of your Pseudo Names feature elude me.

PHUK TIFANO.

... I have no objection to the continuation of the Pseudo Names column but I do object to the quality of some of the contributions. Worst are those who cheat by combining initials with an unlikely surname.

N.E. ONECANDOTHAT.

... We're all at sea trying to puzzle out those Pseudo Names. We wanna go home.

HOI STUPP
D. JOHN
B. SAILS.

... Have you thought of spicing up the Pseudo Names column with some illustrations. We wonder if you could think of anything suitable?

ANNE OLDMAN
INA VESTEY.

Letter from **Tehran**

from Our Own Correspondent

OUTSIDE Mahmoud Ahmadinejad's home town of Garmsar is a placard proclaiming him as "the popular president". The election has shown how very true that is.

Exactly a week after the poll, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, our supreme leader, told Friday prayers in Tehran that Mr Ahmadinejad's margin of victory was so big – at 11m – it couldn't possibly have been rigged. "The Islamic Republic would not cheat and would not betray the vote of the people," he protested. "How can 11m votes be replaced or changed?"

Er, quite. And we can rely on the people in charge to make sure there was no foul play.

Thankfully, most happen to be allies of the president. In the past, there were election supervisors from different state bodies, often from the rival factions and even some professional officials. They kept an eye on each other. But since Ahmadinejad became president four years ago, some not so subtle shifts have taken place. Early in office he culled officials – ambassadors, provincial governors – and replaced them with his chums.

No one has been closer to the president than Mojtaba Samareh-Hashemi, a shady "senior adviser" who also served for a year in 2006-07 as deputy interior minister for political affairs, a post with overall responsibility for managing elections and appointing the representatives of the ministry for poll supervision.

Mr Samareh-Hashemi has known Ahmadinejad since 1976, and with his close relationship to both the Revolutionary Guards and the intelligence services, Mr Samareh-Hashemi had no difficulty finding recruits. Following his orders at the ministry since last year has been the interior minister Sadeq Mahsouli, whose own total impartiality is guaranteed by… a close friendship with the president that goes back to university days around 30 years ago.

Just to make sure everything was above board, Mr Samareh-Hashemi resigned as "special adviser" when the presidential election began, and went to run Mr Ahmadinejad's campaign headquarters instead. No wonder the people's will was irresistible. The three candidates challenging Mr Ahmadinejad often found their representatives were not allowed into polling stations or the counting. Some places where Mir Hossein Mousavi was expected to do well ran short of ballot papers.

Happily, there were representatives from the Guardian Council – a watchdog whose members are appointed by Ayatollah Khamenei – as well as those from the interior ministry on hand to ensure fair play. Counting could be done with exemplary efficiency.

Such efficiency, in fact, that more than 40m votes could be checked and counted in record time. The first results could be announced, by the interior ministry, within two hours of the polls closing on Friday night. By Saturday morning, Ayatollah Khamenei could proclaim a "divine assessment". The full results took just 12 hours.

Such was the people's steady voice that the percentage won by each candidate, including nearly 63 percent for the popular president, barely varied throughout Iran – despite the usual discrepancies in a country larger than Turkey, Iraq and Syria combined and with a patchwork of ethnic groups.

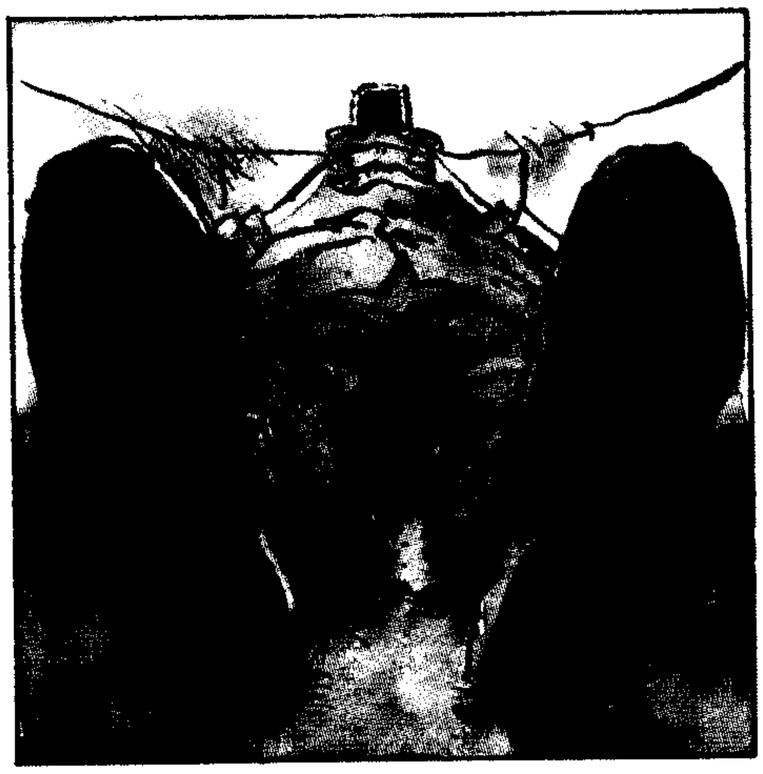
Such was the people's endorsement of Mr Ahmadinejad he even won among the Azeris, the Turkic group concentrated in north-west Iran whence his main challenger, the Azeri-speaking Mousavi, comes.

Just as democracy has winners, so it has losers. Spare a thought, then, for Mehdi Karrubi, the former parliament speaker. In 2005 he won more than 5m votes, not many fewer than Mr Ahmadinejad. This time, he won only 334,000, less than 1 percent. Particularly disappointing was his result in his own home province of Luristan, where the Lurs are an ethnic minority who like to stick together. In 2005, Karrubi won around 55 percent of the vote, but this time he won only 4.5 percent – way behind the 70 percent scooped by the president. Popular indeed.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

COMPILED BY **VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH**

● "Everybody under forty nowadays wants to take their cellphone with them," Noelle Potvin of the Hollywood Forever funeral home told reporters in Los Angeles, "and it's a trend with BlackBerrys too. Families find it comforting to know that dad's still got the cellphone that was permanently attached to his ear when he was alive. I've even seen people switch the cellphone on before placing it in the coffin, and tell me they're going to call their loved one later. When attorney John Jacobs died in 2005, his wife Marion buried him with his phone and a fully-



charged battery. She had his cellphone number carved onto his headstone, so other people could call him, and she continues to pay the monthly bill. She still calls him on occasion, although because the battery is now dead, the calls go to his voicemail."

Ed Defort of American Funeral Director magazine added that "some people call the deceased just as they're lowering the coffin into the ground. You'll hear the faint sound of their ringtone as the body descends. It's a sort of twenty-first century funeral tribute."

However, Frank Perman of the Perman Funeral Home warned that "you can't cremate any kind of electronic device like a cellphone or a hearing aid, because the battery will explode. If a family wants the cellphone included, I'll put it in the urn afterwards." *(Australian Personal Computer Magazine, 17/12/08. Spotter: David Dallison)*

– ● –

● *"We hunt for* huyet linh *throughout the year," Chung Xuan Voong told journalists in the Vietnamese province of Ha Giang, "but our main hunt takes place in the spring. Monkeys are more active then, because food is plentiful, and the amount of menstrual fluid they deposit is more abundant. Before the hunt, we sleep in caves on beds of forest leaves that smother our human scent, then go into the mountains. It can take several days to spot a troop of monkeys, but once we do, the blood hunt is on."*

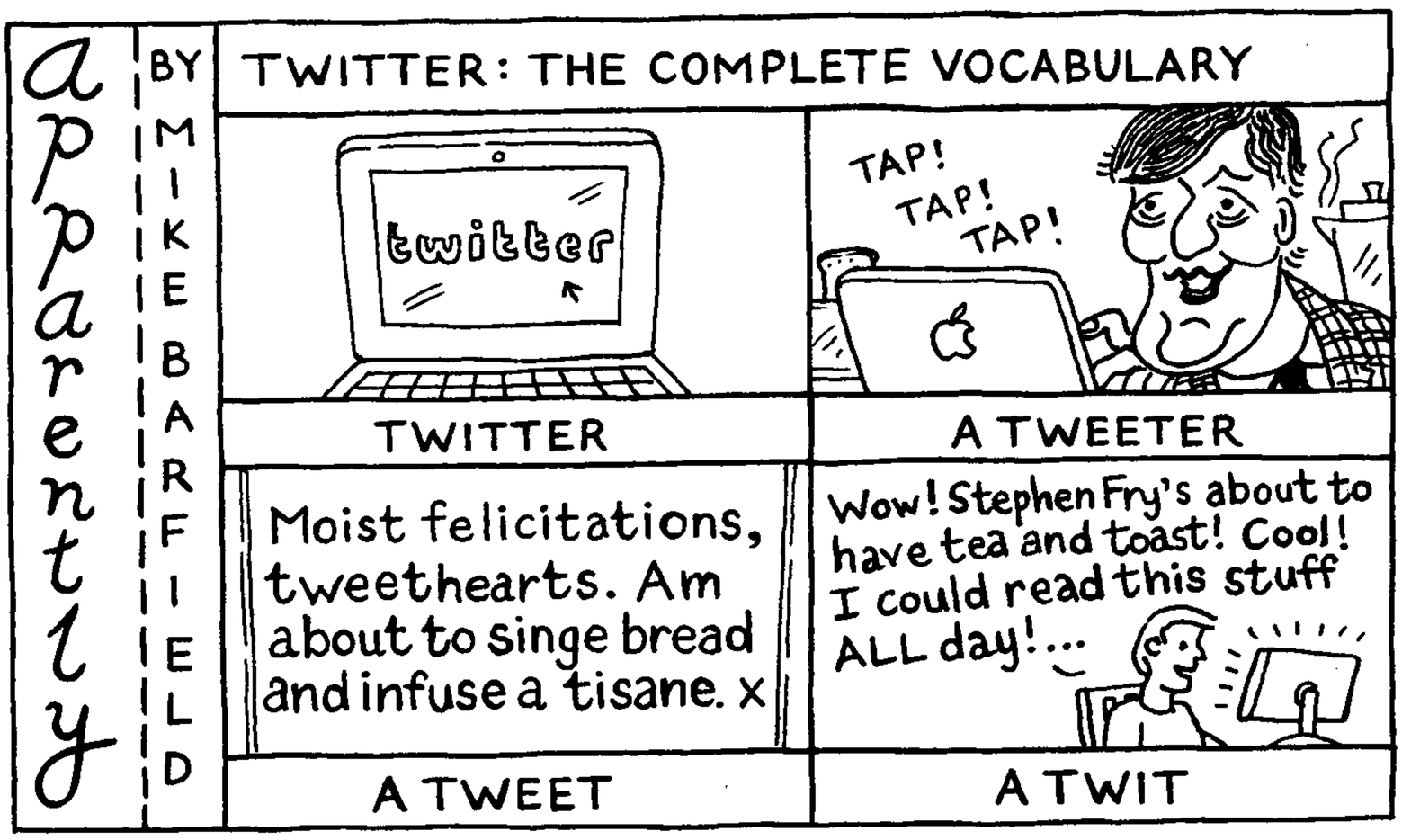
Many Vietnamese believe that huyet linh *(monkey menstrual fluid) strengthens the health of pregnant women, and gatherers like Voong earn as much as three million VND during each hunt. "I find the huyet linh by looking for blood stains on rocks and leaves. If it's still fresh, I use blotting paper to absorb it. If it has already clotted, I use a small knife to separate it from the moss and leaves. The hunt can be dangerous. I once spent two days clinging to a cliff face before being rescued, and I always end up covered in bruises. But once my haversack is full of monkey menstrual fluid, I feel great contentment."*

Professor Duong Trong Hieu added that "in Hanoi, many wealthy men believe huyet linh *can improve sexual stamina. They spend millions of dong buying the blood, which they soak in alcohol. There is no scientific research on its effectiveness, but other ingredients such as tiger penis and click beetle have been analysed, and there's no evidence they have any effect on sexual health."* (The Vietnamnation, 23/2/09. Spotter: Jonathan Green)

– ● –

● "When the three women 'borrowed' a wheelchair from the Post Office in Witbank, the staff thought it was a simple theft," Social Security spokesperson Senzeni Ngubeni told reporters in Mpumalanga. "But ten minutes later, they returned with a male corpse strapped into the wheelchair, approached the counter, and asked to collect his pension.

"Post Office staff initially refused to hand over the money, because the man was obviously dead, but the women pleaded that he was a friend, and that they did not have any money to bury him. After consultation, a supervisor made a print of the corpse's thumb on a receipt slip, and handed the women R960. The women then carried the corpse back to a parked car, and returned the wheelchair to the Post Office. The Social Security Agency is now investigating the matter." *(Beeld, 18/3/09. Spotter: Charl Du Plessis)*


Apparently
BY MIKE BARFIELD
TWITTER: THE COMPLETE VOCABULARY
twitter
TAP! TAP! TAP!
TWITTER
A TWEETER
Moist felicitations, tweethearts. Am about to singe bread and infuse a tisane. x
Wow! Stephen Fry's about to have tea and toast! Cool! I could read this stuff ALL day!...
A TWEET
A TWIT

PRIME MINISTERIAL DECREE NO. 47

From the [redacted]* of the Supreme Leader

Comrades,

Only one thing of importance has been happening in the world in recent days.

I refer, of course, to my great "Broadband for the Masses" initiative.

Ever since I became Supreme Leader I have become acutely aware of the deep yearning of the British people to enjoy 24-hour, high-speed internet connection wherever they live.

Surely it is an affront to the most basic principles of human justice that millions of hard-working British families are forced to live in a state of what I call "Broadband poverty".

Broadband accessibility is as essential to human life as electricity, water... nay, the very air we breathe.

Let me share with you a letter from a typical comrade, a pensioner from Hartlepool, Mrs Iris Mandelson, who wrote to me only yesterday:

Dear Supreme Leader,

I know you have the needs of all of us close to your heart, and let me say that you have transformed this country out of recognition since you took over as our much-loved Supreme Leader.

There is, however, one area which I humbly suggest deserves your immediate attention to make your achievements and legacy complete.

At the moment, as an old-age pensioner, I am in the humiliating position of having to wait anything up to 35 seconds before I can download the latest film from Comrade Borat or the new hit album from Comrade Lily Allen, not to mention the time it takes me to access the incredibly useful Downing Street website with its links to your latest message on YouSSRTube (how can I live without that smile?!!).

Honestly, it makes me feel that I am living in a Third World country stuck in the Middle Ages with only a banana republic level of technological infrastructure.

But I know that you, my Supreme Leader, will respond to this plea from a humble pensioner who, like the rest of the country, has infinite faith in your ability to "do the right thing" according to your famous "moral compass".

Yours sincerely,
Mrs Iris Mandelson

Who can read this heartbreaking story of human suffering and deprivation without wishing to act at once to correct such a flagrant breach of basic human rights?

Who could be so stony-hearted as to "pass by on the other side" (as my father, the Minister, often used to say) and ignore the desperate plight of the "widow and orphan" Mrs Mandelson and millions of other hard-working British pensioners like her?

That is why I am putting universal access to 3000-megabits-per-second broadband at the very top of my national agenda – above defence, health, education, post offices and other irrelevances.

"Forward to the future" should be the cry of us all. But let us not pretend that such a huge step forward in the modernising of Britain comes cheaply.

We must all be prepared to make sacrifices to bring this very necessary dream about.

Let me be clear. I am not, of course, talking about a new tax. I leave that to the hated Cameronite-Osbornist-neo-Thatcherite rabble who cannot wait to impose huge new financial burdens on every hard-working British Comrade.

No, a simple, honest levy of £6 every time you use a mobile phone will be enough to realise the white-hot technological revolution that is the birthright of every British Googler, Twitterer and Yahoo-ite.

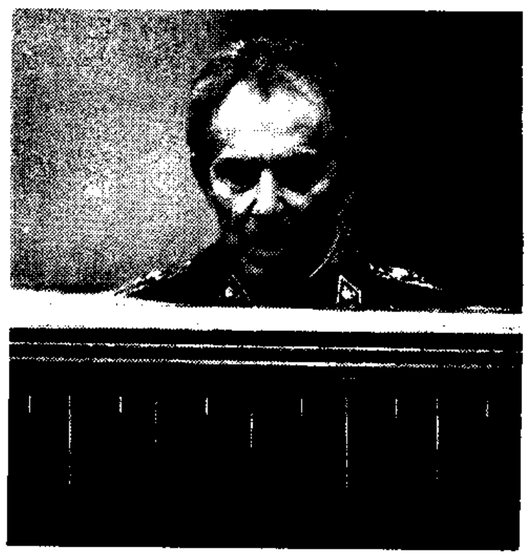
Yours sincerely,

Gordon Brownloader

Supreme Leader

**Item of office furniture, legitimately purchased which cannot be identified for security reasons as it might give away the location of the Supreme Leader's office (10 Downing Street).*

SHOW TRIAL TO GO AHEAD IN SECRET



Comrades may be disappointed to learn that the show trial of the hated former leader ex-Comrade Blair for his war crimes is now to be conducted behind closed doors. I appreciate that citizens rightly wish to see the former leader arraigned and publicly humiliated for his Bushite-Rumsfeldist-Cheneyist-Adventurism, but on reflection I have decided that this open forum might allow the wily ex-Comrade Blair to falsely implicate some of his former colleagues and suggest quite improperly and contrary to all the facts that he was **not** the only one who supported the war and is **not** the only one who deserves to be purged and punished.

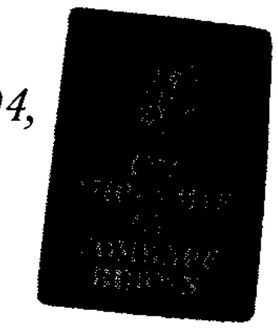
Therefore, I must regretfully conduct the show trial in private, myself.

GB. The Supreme Leader.

"Transparent About Secrecy"

"Those who can, do. Those who have been hurt and badly let down by their colleagues, can walk away and become a teacher"

Taken from The Little Brown Book, Chapter 94, "Alternatives to The Retention of Power in a Post-Political Environment"



IRAQ WAR INQUIRY 'OVER BY CHRISTMAS'

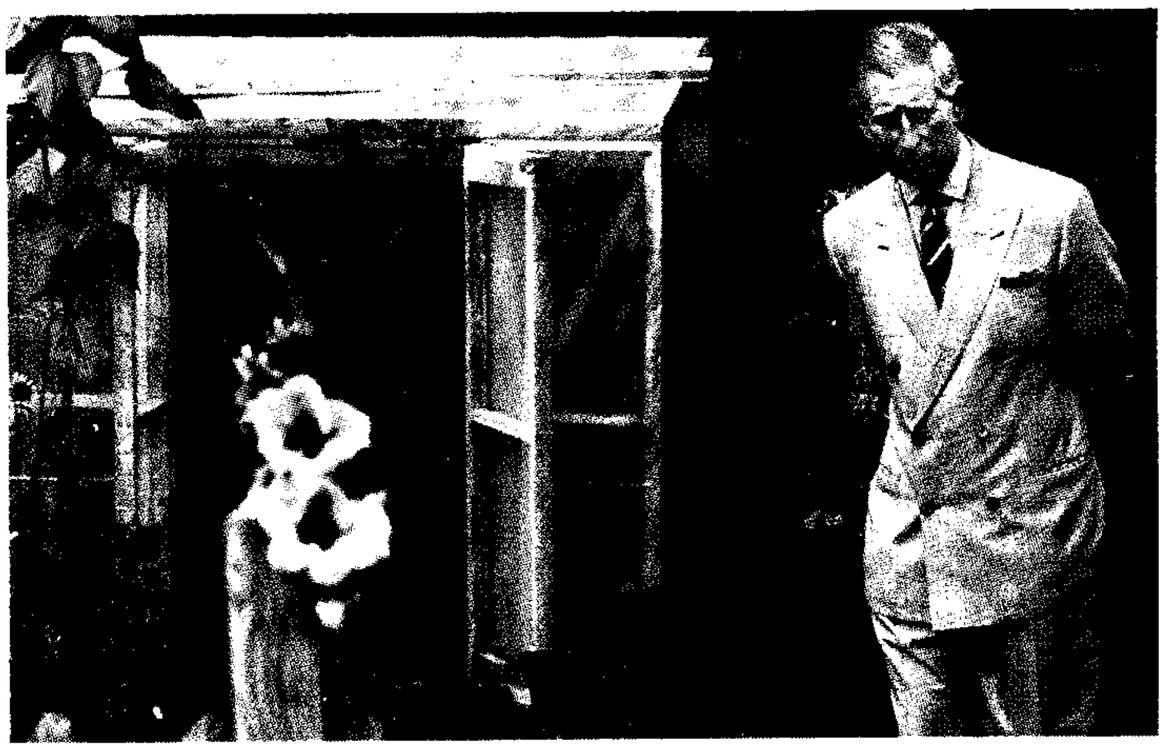
by Our Defence Correspondent **Basra Bamigboye**

THE GOVERNMENT was confident that the Iraq inquiry launched this week, codenamed "Shocking and Awful", will be a swift and conclusive operation restoring trust and confidence in the British population and enabling them to "move on".

"One thing is for sure," said a spokesman for the inquiry, "we won't get bogged down in a long, protracted expensive and futile exercise that achieves nothing at all and only makes things worse."

Hundreds of men bearing laptops and files are preparing for action. Said one, "This is what we've been waiting for. We've been trained for this. Let's just hope there aren't heavy losses – i.e. millions of pounds."

(Continued for the next 94 years).



Royal Family 'Can Talk To One Another' Claims Scientist

by Our Science Staff Lynda LaPlante

MEMBERS of the Royal Family are now thought to be able to communicate with each other, according to a new report published in the scientific journal 'Plants & Plantsmen'.

The article claims that new film shows members of the Royal Family swaying in the wind and appearing to nod at one another, indicating a primitive level of communication.

Says Professor Flowerdew of the Institute of Nutters, "We have a slow-motion recording of one of these organisms appearing to say 'What do you do?' or possibly 'Have you come far?'"

100 Years Ago

NUREMBERG TRIAL TO BE HELD IN SECRET

Security Issues Paramount

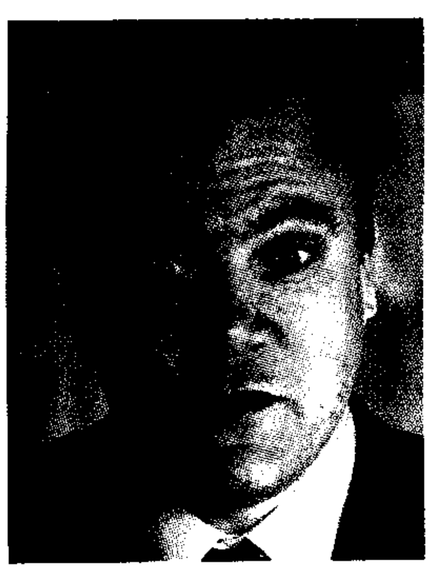
Fears Over Invading Privacy

by Our Man in Germany **Max Hitler Hastings**

The Allied authorities have decided to hold the inquiry into the recent controversial war in secret, it was revealed today.

A British government spokesman, Mr Gordon von Braun, said: "It would not be fair to the leaders of the *(Cont. p. 94)*

BALLS APOLOGY



"I said that public spending on health and education would rise, which is actually a decision for the Chancellor. I am very sorry that I am not Chancellor."

"As one door closes..."

Court Circular

Society Wedding

The Dot Cotton Suite, The Ramada Hotel, Staines

The Rt Hon Gordon Brown and the Rt Hon David Cameron yesterday attended the nuptials of Her Royal Highness The Grand Editrix of Wapping, Ms Rebekah Filth, to Mr Charlie Bookie of no fixed odds. The bride was given away by her employer The Digger of Dirt, who was accompanied by his consort, Wendy OldmansnuffsitIgetthelot.

The bridesmaids, Kelly Whoppers, Shelley Knockers and Melly Boobs, wore thongs kindly supplied by the Ann Summers World of Sex Emporium.

The Worst Man was Sir Piers of Moron, representing the Burger King Scent Co, and the couple were driven away by Mr Jeremy Clarkson in the new Bugatti Viglen at 197 mph into the nearest tree *(shurely shome mistake)*.

That Wedding Breakfast In Full

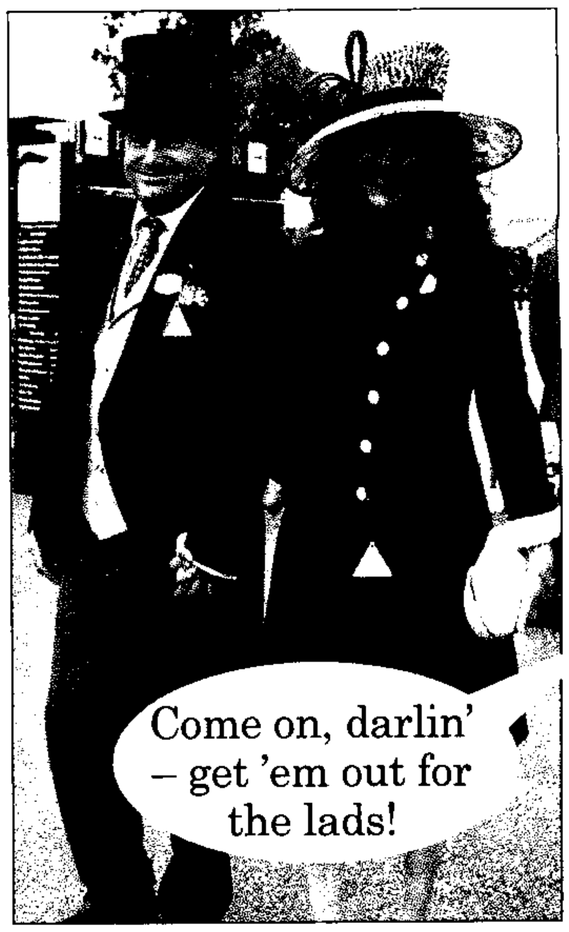
Freud Eggs (Sun Side Up)
Red Top Slapper
Currant Bun (Stale)
To drink:
Choice of champagne (Tittinger/Bums)

That Service In Full

Vicar: You may now kiss Mr Murdoch's bottom.

All: Yes, please!!

SUN OFFICIAL WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH



Letters and emails

Chelsea Barracks

Dear Sir,
Am I alone in being sickened and outraged by the totally unwarranted intervention of Prince Charles in a private planning issue which is in no way his concern? Using his status as so-called heir to the throne, not to mention being obscenely rich, this arrogant member of the privileged elite thinks he has the right to impose his personal taste on the public in a way which is a flagrant affront to everything which democracy stands for.

The ultimate tragedy is that, thanks to the Prince's shameless manipulation of the Royal old boy network, London now stands to lose an architectural masterpiece by the world's greatest living architect, Richard Rogers, who has given us some of the most iconic buildings of the past half century, such as Lloyd's Building, the Pompidou Centre and... er... not only will thousands of people be made unemployed but the lack of affordable housing in Chelsea could create social problems well into the next century and beyond, all due to the over-inflated ego of a single self-important and un-elected megalomaniac.

Yours sincerely,

Les Corbusier
Corbusier Associates
The Old Bauhaus, Chiswick

Letters to the Editor

Chelsea Barracks

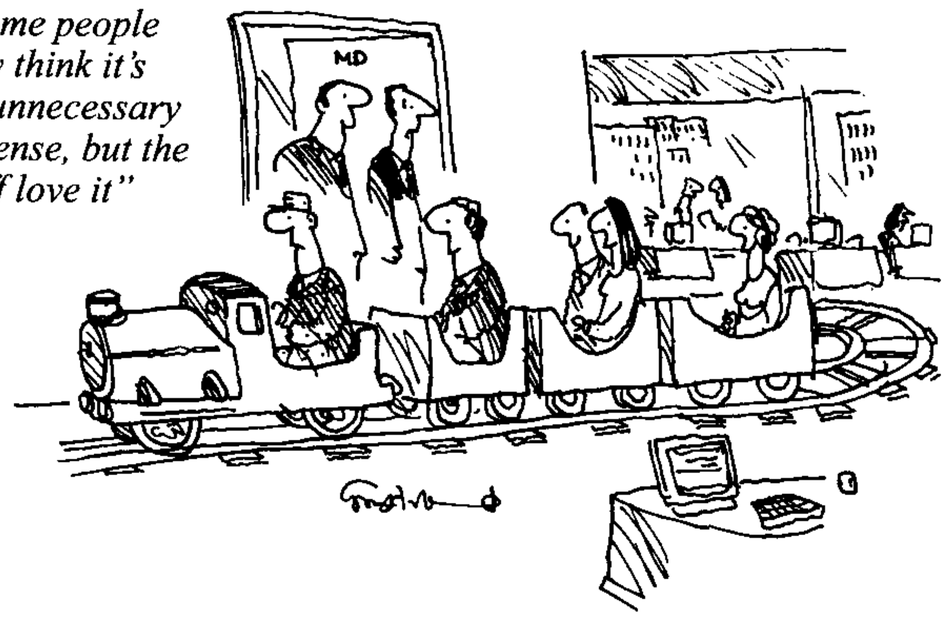
SIR – Am I alone in being sickened and appalled by the arrogant and high-minded conduct of Lord Rogers over a public planning issue in which he is professionally involved?

Using his status as a peer of the realm, a top government advisor and darling of the media, this arrogant member of the privileged elite thinks that he can impose his own personal taste on the public in a way which is a flagrant affront to everything which democracy stands for.

The ultimate victory for common sense, thanks to the courage of the Prince of Wales in persuading his fellow Royals to see the light, means that London will gain a delightful and very agreeable masterpiece by Sir Quinlan Terry Wogan, one of the greatest architects of this or any other age. The only person, it seems, who cannot recognise this is that over-inflated and un-elected megalomaniac Lord Rogers.

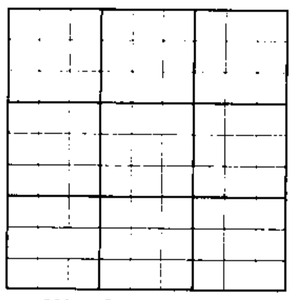
Inigo Gussett-Jones
Gavin St. Amp, Wilts.

"Some people may think it's an unnecessary expense, but the staff love it"



An Exciting New Puzzle

SUBO-KU!

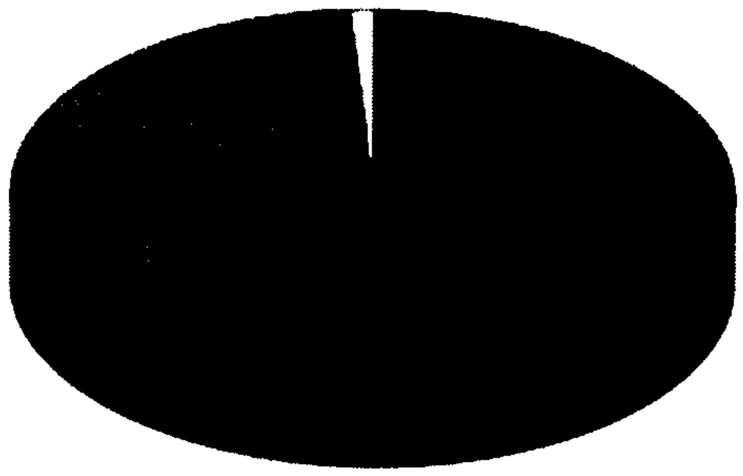


Simply fill in the blank squares with the amount of pounds you think Simon Cowell will milk from his latest cash-cow before she's yesterday's news. Remember – 9 digits at least!

© Simon Cowell Industries

THIS WEEK'S POLL

Just how stupid do politicians think we are?

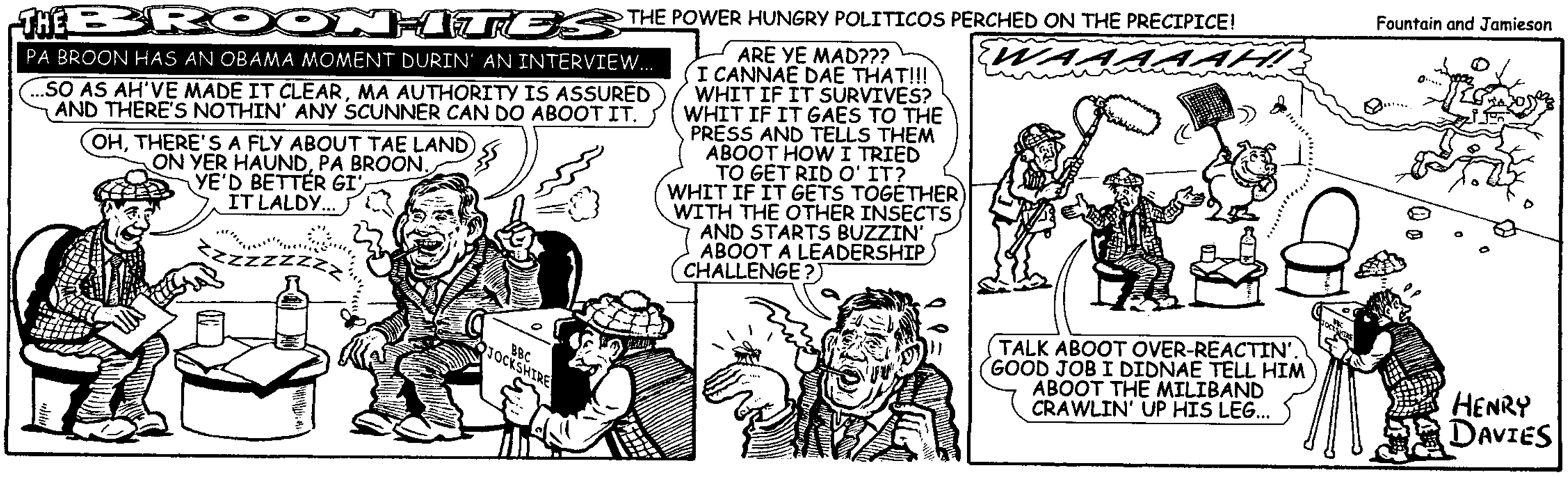


We asked a random sample of around 646 MPs what they thought of the general public

EXCLUSIVE TO ALL PAPERS

SKINNY WOMAN WHO USED TO HAVE SMALL BREASTS BUT THEN HAD BIG BREASTS NOW HAS SMALL BREASTS AGAIN (BUT NOT AS SMALL AS THEY WERE BEFORE)

On other pages
- Photos of the skinny woman with small breasts
- Photos of the skinny woman with big breasts
- Photos of other women with breasts
- Photos of...oh, you get the idea


THE BROON-ITES
PA BROON HAS AN OBAMA MOMENT DURIN' AN INTERVIEW...
...SO AS AH'VE MADE IT CLEAR, MA AUTHORITY IS ASSURED AND THERE'S NOTHIN' ANY SCUNNER CAN DO ABOOT IT.
OH, THERE'S A FLY ABOUT TAE LAND ON YER HAUND, PA BROON. YE'D BETTER GI' IT LALDY...
ZZZZZZZZZZ
BBC JOCKSHIRE
THE POWER HUNGRY POLITICOS PERCHED ON THE PRECIPICE!
ARE YE MAD??? I CANNAE DAE THAT!!! WHIT IF IT SURVIVES? WHIT IF IT GAES TO THE PRESS AND TELLS THEM ABOOT HOW I TRIED TO GET RID O' IT? WHIT IF IT GETS TOGETHER WITH THE OTHER INSECTS AND STARTS BUZZIN' ABOOT A LEADERSHIP CHALLENGE?
Fountain and Jamieson
WAAAAAAH!
TALK ABOOT OVER-REACTIN'. GOOD JOB I DIDNAE TELL HIM ABOOT THE MILIBAND CRAWLIN' UP HIS LEG...
HENRY DAVIES

What You Will Read (In 2029)

That New Iraq War Inquiry

Parkway

Martin

Placeman

Lie

Rubbesh

Who are they – the four wise men (and one woman) who will finally tell us everything we know already about the Iraq war?

Lord Didcot of Parkway

Formerly Sir Charles Didcot, permanent secretary at the Ministry of Ministries. Lord Didcot has already served on several other inquiries into the Iraq War, concluding in each case that in a very real sense no one was to blame.

Sir Gilbert Martin

Immensely respected independent historian, author of the definitive 18-volume biography of the former Labour Home Secretary James Chuter-Ede. He once described President Bush and Tony Blair as "the Roosevelt and Churchill of our times, except better".

Sir Lawrence Placeman

Immensely respected independent historian, author of the official 24-volume study of The Foreign Policy of President Lyndon B. Johnson, once claimed to have put the idea of invading Iraq into Tony Blair's head, when he wrote a memorandum to Number 10 suggesting that Saddam Hussein should be "strung up – it is the only language he understands".

Sir Roderick Lie

Immensely diplomatic former Ambassador to Iraq, Sir Roderick has always been a tremendous admirer of Tony Blair, and has a long and distinguished record of "doing what I'm told and not rocking the boat, old boy".

Baroness Uttar Rubbesh

Immensely undistinguished, she has chaired hundreds of government bodies, including the Commonwealth Traffic Lights Authority, the Runny-Egg Marketing Board and the Joint Council of the Equal Opportunities Conciliation Service. She has been appointed because she can bring to the inquiry the unique qualities of being a) Asian and b) a woman.

The Report In Full

❶ Your committee was invited to investigate all aspects of the invasion of Iraq in 2003 and the subsequent occupation, to assess carefully all the relevant evidence and information relating to the above matters, to question those involved (when necessary in private), and to conclude that, while certain mistakes and miscalculations may have been made, no one was to blame in any way.

❷ Er...

❸ That's it.

In the interests of national security, the findings and contents of this report will not be released to the public until after the General Election or 2500 (if sooner).

Signed

DIDCOT OF PARKWAY
SIR GILBERT MARMITE
SIR LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
SIR RODERICK SPODE
THE BARONESS UTTAR RUBBESH
GORDON BROWN

Daily Mail
FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 2009

COULD WHEELIE BIN NIGHTMARE CAUSE HOUSE PRICE MELTDOWN?

by Our Rubbish Staff

Britain was last night staring into the abyss as a menace far worse than swine flu, global warming, economic collapse or the end of democracy as we know it threatened every homeowner in the country.

The mass revolt sparked off by the Daily Mail's great wheelie bin campaign brought thousands of people onto the streets calling for an end to the tyranny of the 'wheelie bin czars'.

Waving placards calling for an end to fortnightly collections and different coloured bins to separate waste streams, the real worry of the demonstrators was expressed by a typical 61-year old house-owner, Paul Dacre, who last night told the Mail, "You can't sell a house with row of bins blocking the drive. It wipes £60,000 off the price overnight. I am staring negative equity in the face, thanks to the little ayatollahs in my town hall."

Full story and pics pp. 2-93.

MAIL COMMENT

They are unsightly and full of terrible garbage, so why are more and more copies of the Daily Mail being left in the street when they should be thrown away in a wheelie bin where *(cont. p. 94)*

Why I love Tesco

by The World's Greatest Living Columnist **Sir Max Hastings**

Why has everyone got it in for good old Asda?

To hear some people talk, you'd think that the only place to go shopping was Fortnum's – or failing that the Harrods Food Hall.

But I've got news for the food snobs. The best place in town to buy good, honest, down-to-earth British food is the Co-op.

Ok. So your local branch might not serve grouse or game pie. You might have to go elsewhere if you want top-quality Beluga or wild salmon fresh from the Tay.

But if you're looking for plain honest fare at a decent price, then you can't do better than a Morrison's Meal-for-one Deal – e.g. their superb pasta-bake, a packet of cheese and onion crisps and a fizzy drink of your choice (Coke).

As I wheel my trolley towards the checkout in my local Hungerford branch of Lidl, it makes me proud to be British.

So hats off to Spar, and a big thumbs down to all the toffee-nosed foodies who are missing out on the shopping revolution that is sweeping the nation, according to the editor of the Daily Mail who rang me up this morning to ask me to write this piece for the knock down bargain price of £5000.

For that money, I told him I would give him a two-for-one deal and write the same piece again tomorrow for free.

© Hastingstrash Productions 2009

Han-z-z-zard

Solemn music played by lone piper

Gordon Brown *(Washedup, Lab)*: Mr Speaker, may I offer my condolences on your very sad departure from this House, of which you have been such a distinguished ornament for 30 years. *(Cries of hear, hear.)* I am sure that I speak for everyone in this House when I say that you are one of the most outstanding public servants this country has ever known.

(Cheers, MPs wave their expenses sheets.)

David Cameron *(Wisteria-on-Wall, Con)*: May I second everything the Prime Minister has said. Let us all acknowledge, Mr Speaker, your extraordinary achievement in emerging from a humble background, with very limited education and scarcely able to speak English, to reach a position of great eminence in public life, which you have filled so admirably.

(MPs take out onions and begin to weep uncontrollably, while lone piper plays a traditional Scottish lament "Will ye noo come again the noo")

Nick Clogg *(Twittering-under-Cable, Lib Dem)*: Mr Speaker, while I freely admit that a month ago I was callling for your resignation on the grounds of your total incompetence and corruption, I would now like to take this opportunity to withdraw everything I said, which was taken out of context by the media, and to make clear that, like everyone else, I have always admired you as one of the most upright and decent figures in British public life.

(MPs sing "For he's a jolly good fellow" and lend each other Kleenex to cope with the sudden upwelling of emotion which has swept through the House)

John Berk *(Shyster-on-the-Make, Con / Lab / Lib Dem/ whatever)*: Can I just say, Mr Speaker, that I have so admired everything you have done that I would very much like to be the next Speaker. I can only hope that when I am elected I will be able to fill the role as ably and as graciously as you have done yourself. As for that Quentin Letts in the *Daily Mail*, he is a snobbish, public school racist bigot who should be impeached for holding all of us in this House up to ridicule and contempt.

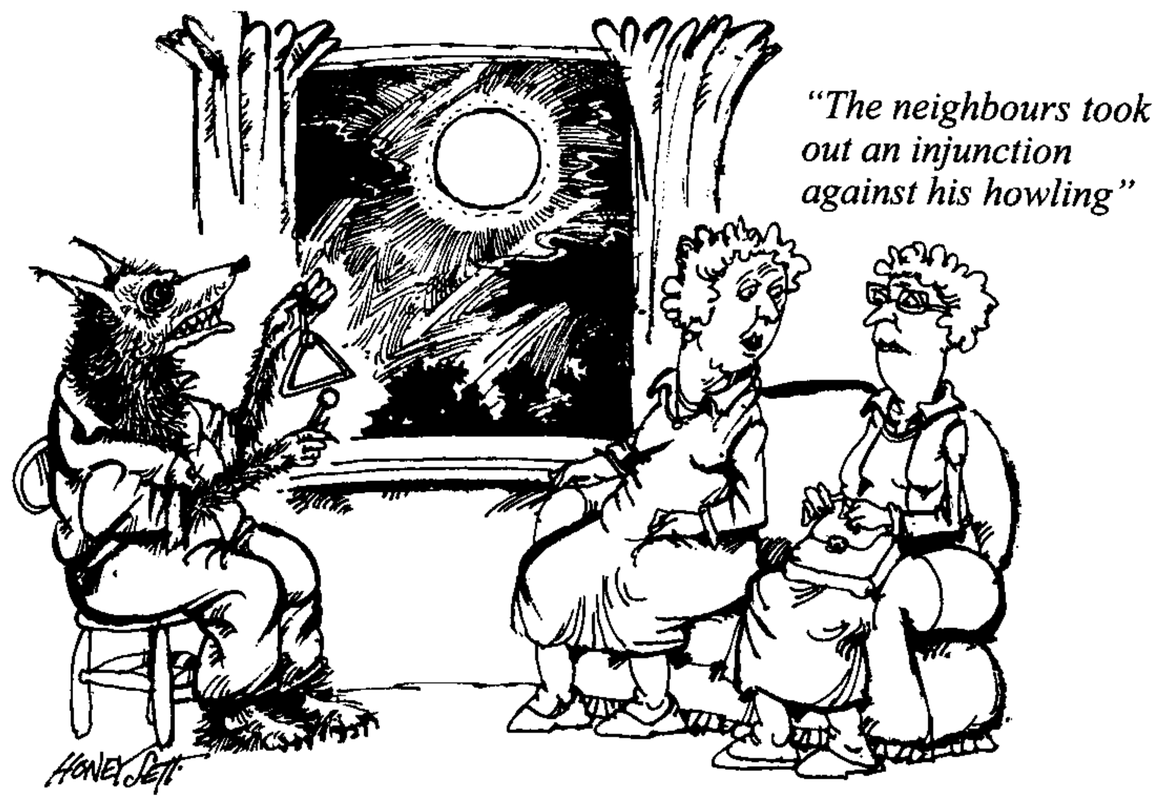
(Cries of "Shame, shame again for me, old boy")

The Speaker Mr Michael Gorbals *(Dunfiddlin, Lab)*: It's no good you all sucking up to me the noo, ye weasel-faced loons. As we say in Scotland, "fine words butter nae porridge". Where were ye all last year when I was caught out hiring taxis for Mrs Gorbals to gang tae Tesco's?

(MPs overcome with remorse blub openly and cry "We are all guilty")

Speaker: Aye, that ye are, and if it was up to me, it's ye lot who would have been sacked and not mesel. I'm glad to see the back of ye and guid riddance to ye all.

(Piper resumes lament "Glasgie belongs to Mick", as mass wisteria breaks out on Tory benches, requiring little man from the village to come in to remove it at a very reasonable price of £680)

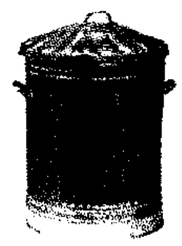


"The neighbours took out an injunction against his howling"

The Daily Telegraph

Friday, June 25, 2010

Tory MP Claimed 99p For Roll of 10 Bin Liners And Only Used 8



T INVESTIGATION THE EXPENSES FILES DAY 9,994

by Our Commons Investigation Staff C.D. Rom and Phil Front-page

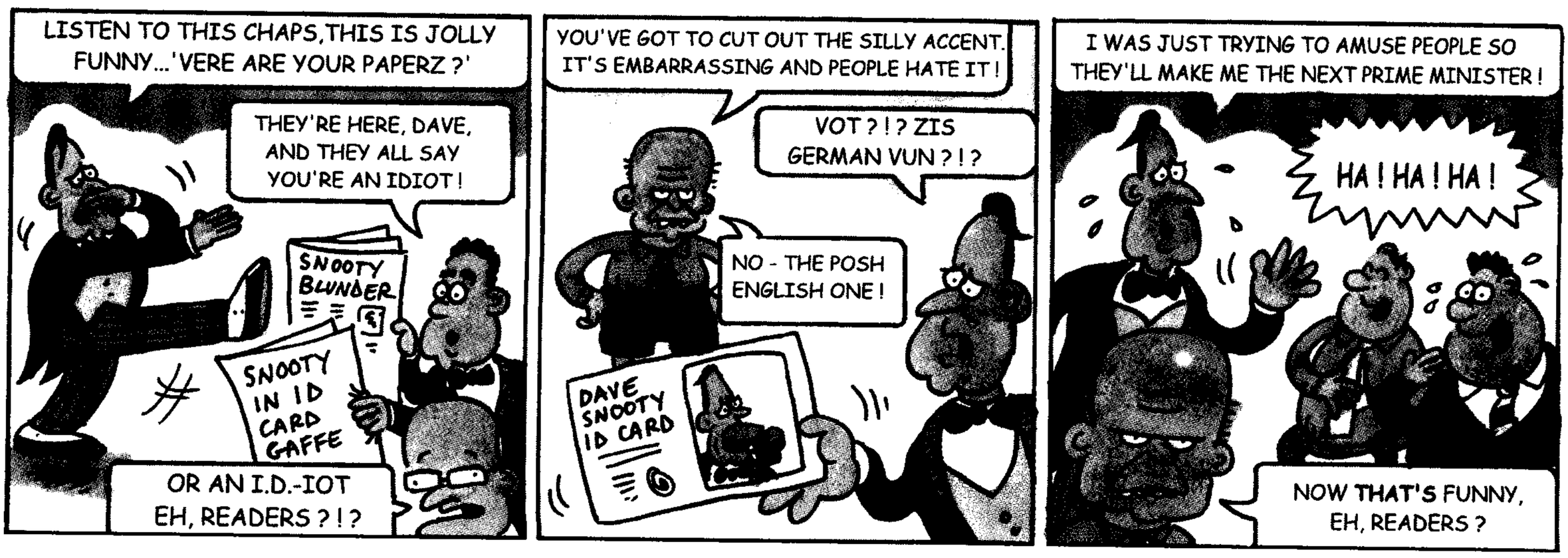
KEN SWIVEL, 54, who has been Conservative MP for West Mildew since 2005, was yesterday sensationally revealed to have once claimed taxpayers' money to fund an extravagant purchase of bin liners from the Market Barkworth branch of B&Q on 12 July 2007.

The story came to light as a team of 30 *Telegraph* journalists were engaged in what editor Will Lewis called "Operation Barrel-Scrape".

● Full story and exclusive pics of the B&Q liners that *you* paid for and *he* never used **6-8**

● "I am innocent," says Swivel, "and I shall be standing down at the next election" **10**

Dave Snooty AND HIS PALS


LISTEN TO THIS CHAPS, THIS IS JOLLY FUNNY... 'VERE ARE YOUR PAPERZ ?'
THEY'RE HERE, DAVE, AND THEY ALL SAY YOU'RE AN IDIOT !
SNOOTY BLUNDER
SNOOTY IN ID CARD GAFFE
OR AN I.D.-IOT EH, READERS ? ! ?
YOU'VE GOT TO CUT OUT THE SILLY ACCENT. IT'S EMBARRASSING AND PEOPLE HATE IT !
VOT ? ! ? ZIS GERMAN VUN ? ! ?
NO - THE POSH ENGLISH ONE !
DAVE SNOOTY ID CARD
I WAS JUST TRYING TO AMUSE PEOPLE SO THEY'LL MAKE ME THE NEXT PRIME MINISTER !
HA ! HA ! HA !
NOW THAT'S FUNNY, EH, READERS ?

Transylvania Times
Friday, June 26, 2009

BBC Radio 3

Opera Highlights

Muammar Mia! by Berlusconi

CLASSIC *Opera Buffooni*, which opens with the Robber Baron Silvio cavorting in the Palazzo Fornicazione with a chorus of scantily clad nymphs who sing the chorus *"Money, Money, Money – We've Come Here For The Money"*.

Suddenly, the sound of trumpets heralds the arrival of a mysterious visitor from Africa. It is the ruler of Libya disguised as a humble colonel. He reveals his identity in the aria *"Sono Looni Gaddafi"*.

Silvio is thrilled to receive a visit from such a mighty potentate and welcomes him, singing *"La Donna e Mobile" ("I can ring up for some more girls")*. Gaddafi is dismissive of this offer, and tells his new host that he has brought plenty of girls with him, in the form of his bodyguard made up of 1,003 virgins *("Mille e tre")*.

Silvio laughingly responds *"Notta forlonga" ("They won't be for long")*.

The two men retire into the palazzo accompanied by twin choruses of *"Nymphs"* and *"Bodyguards"* to discuss the affairs of a neighbouring African state *("Conversazione diplomatico di Uganda")*.

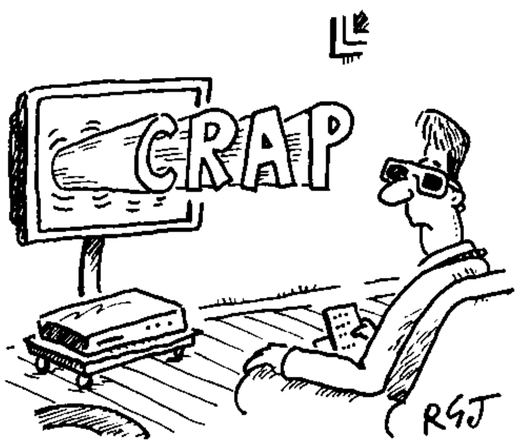
Brown To Appear On Songs of Praise

What You Will Hear

In The Bleak Midsummer
Crock of Ages
Kum-By-Election
Fight The Wrong Fight
The Pay Thou Gavest
The Lord Mandelson Is My Shepherd
When I Survey The Wondrous Mess
Now Thank We All Our Gord
Everything Has Broken
I Vow Not To Go To The Country
(That's enough hymns, God)

Movie

3D Movie



Honours List

Dracula To Be Made A Count

by Our Honours Staff
Michael Howard

THE popular Transylvanian vampire, Dracula, 765, has at last been recognised in the Birthday Honours list.

Said the Count from his luxury crypt, "I am delighted that the Government has finally recognised my life's work as a vampire and decided to introduce new blood into the Transylvanian Establishment.

"I look forward to getting up at midnight and receiving my reward in the shape of an innocent young village girl who has foolishly wandered on her own through the forest towards my castle which stands in the moonlight *(cont. p. 94)*

On Other Pages

Dish of the Day – Stake and Chips **2**
Fang-Shui – Where you should put your teeth in someone's neck **3**
Unfunny cartoon by Garlic **4**

WIMBLEDON: SIX TO WATCH AND LISTEN TO

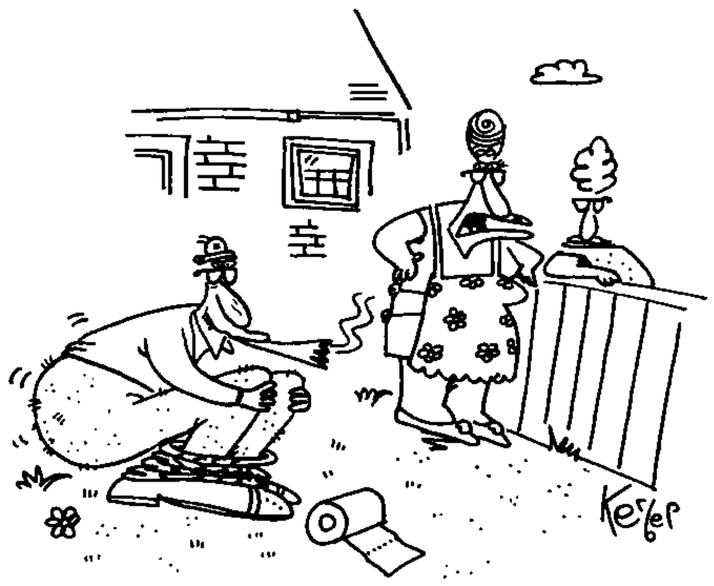
Grunta Snortavic
Russian 22-year-old with a wide range of off-putting noises. Probably one of the loudest players on the circuit.

Mona Grøna
Swedish 19-year-old with a deep bellow that opponents find very difficult to deal with.

Huffi Gruff
German 25-year-old whose rasping sighs have made her a favourite with no one at all.

Whoopee Screech
American 20-year-old, one of the all time greats, with a serve-and-volume game that makes her unbeatable at this level (94 decibels).

Penny Quiet
Soft spoken English 21-year-old – don't expect to hear very much of her *(That's enough)*.



"Stanley always gets like this during festival season!"

Film Highlights

brüno

HILARIOUS antics of Gordon Bruno who pretends to be an outrageously useless Prime Minister to see what effect it has on the hapless general public. In one classic scene he makes a complete "arse" of himself by falling on top of the Lib Dems in the polls. Everyone is going to be upset by Bruno! This is pure genius from the team who brought us Ali C(ampbell) and Blairat!

Eye Rating: *Doesn't get our vote!*

Supermandy

BY DAY he is mild-mannered Peter Mandelson – but when trouble calls he is Supermandy, 1st Secretary of State and Lord President of the Council. Yes, it's the return of the indestructible man in pants, as this time he rescues fellow superhero Flash Gordon from certain death. Together they decide to save the world and their jobs – though not anyone else's.

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's a private jet with Supermandy on board going to a conference somewhere.

Eye Rating: *You'll believe a man can lie!*

OBAMA MEETS BERLUSCONI

News In Brief

ELECTION RECOUNT I

THE Iranian Guardian Council has promised a full and fair recount in the number of protestors killed after the disputed Iranian election result.

"The widely derided initial figure of ten dead has been recounted, and the revised figure is now zero, since all the fatalities were responsible for their own deaths" said a heavily moustached man beating *(Cont. p. 94)*

ELECTION RECOUNT II

A MASSIVE recount is under way after allegations of irregularities surrounding Gordon Brown's election to office.

A political analyst said: "Following a series of exhaustive election recounts, we reached the conclusion that we never actually had one, and that Gordon Brown is in fact only there because he believes it's his turn to be Prime Minister."

Iran election results in full

Tehran North

Mahdman Ahmegeddon (Ruling Party) 3,937,403

Mir Hussein Moussavarecount (Losing Party) 2

No change ever if possible

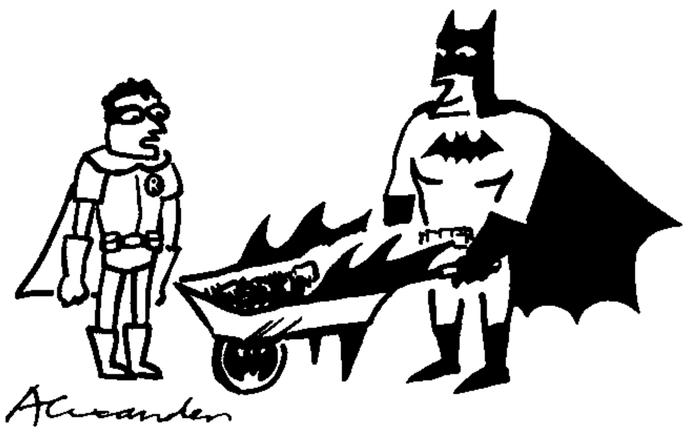
News In Brief

MAN SWATS FLY

A MAN yesterday in America swatted a fly. *(Reuters)*

ON OTHER PAGES

- What Does It Tell us About The Man? **Leader p. 2**
- This Proves Man Is World's Greatest Man **p. 3**
- This Proves Man Is Psychotic Murderer **p. 4**
- Is The White House A No-Fly Zone? Mike Googler *(by email)* **Letters p. 5**
- Unfunny cartoon by Hac "No Flies on Man!" **p. 94**



"It's like an illness with you, isn't it?""

From The Message Boards

Members of the online community respond to the major issues of the day...

Romanians driven from their Belfast homes

i studded this issue at uni and its a deep seeded problem. dur-ing the 19'60s there were violent programme's in Northern Island and the protestent's burned the romanian catholic's out of there home's. learn from history ppl! – ***Jace_91***

The Romanians of South Belfast did no more than flee to their own land. Inasmuch and insofar as they did so do, then, as Isaiah taught, they did no more than the chased roe and the sheep that no man taketh up. – ***Mr_Salmon***

not bein funy but y r they driv-ing them from there home's and who pay's 4 the driver's?– ***Hayley_321***

pikey's mugg-ing off the uk taxpayer again ● MAKE THEM WALK!!!! ●●● – ***Credit_Crunchie***

Gipsies set up camp near Tessa Jowell's house last year. Let's escort this lot to her second home. – ***Cyril_the_cynic***

Now there's a "gypsy awareness month" in the Midlands. Particularly pointless given that they raise awareness of themselves so effectively with their noise, rubbish, thieving and threats. – ***Brown_out***

Romanians and gypsies are heavy smokers, and my children are terribly sensitive to any air pollution. I know this particular gang are returning to their own country, but I worry that others might move to England and exploit our tolerant nature. My youngest daughter now has nightmares about smoky caravans in our garden. – ***Emily***

Any smoking gippsys come near my girls I swear Ill do time – ***Family_Man***

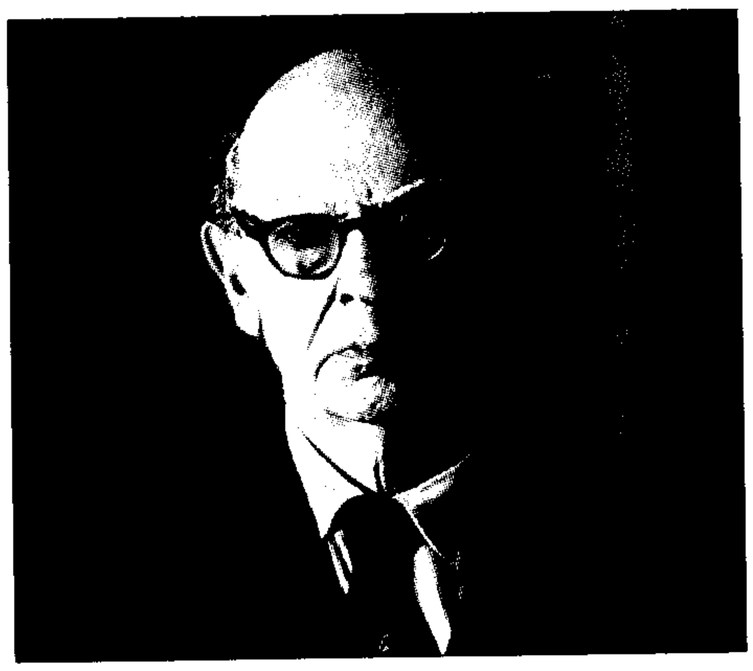
Let's all get together, protestant, catholic, Romanian and ordinary person alike. Let's suck our Murray mints and cheer Andy to victory! – ***Murray_Maniac***

I'm wearing lucky pants for Andy! ☺ I haven't changed them since May and he hasn't lost a match! – ***Bomber_Lancaster***

Come ON Tim! – ***Where's_Your_Henman_Hat?***

Great stuff guys! – ***Bogbrush***

DIARY



ISAIAH BERLIN

Monday

To A.L. Rowse

Dear Leslie, One cannot live for twenty years on & off in such delightfully close proximity to someone as wonderful and unique as, if you'll let me say so, you are and not develop a strong and permanent bond. I cannot tell you how enormously grateful I am, and shall, I am sure, forever remain, for your characteristically generous invitation to join you & the other Fellows for dinner with HRH Princess Margaret, an invitation, I am genuinely honoured & delighted to have been given, and, I am pleased to report, for which I have experienced no hesitation before accepting.

Yours ever, Isaiah

Tuesday

To The Warden Of All Souls

Dear John, Poor Leslie Rowse continues to pester me to attend his dinner for Princess Margaret. Leslie is of course marvellous in every way, but he is, on reflection, in many other ways in some curious sense a figure of the most consummate absurdity, socially ambitious, insensitive to all but his own needs, bitterly resentful of those of us who have, through our own efforts or talents, risen higher in what I suppose one must call "society" than he has so far managed himself. I have perforce accepted his invitation – loyalty has long been my spur – but, to be very indiscreet, as the day approaches, a dreadful sinking feeling enters deeper into my being. The prospect of sitting next to Princess Margaret alas holds little charm for me, I'm afraid, though I have long been a close friend of her mother.

Wednesday

To The Warden Of All Souls

Dear John, I am delighted &, I must admit, not a little relieved, to hear that you will in some sense be dancing attendance at Rowse's dinner for Princess Margaret. I forget whether you know the Princess's mother, who is a very close friend of mine, and, if so, how well? To be hugely indiscreet, I fancy the dinner in question will be the first occasion upon which poor Rowse has come into contact with the Princess, though I do beg you not to mention this to anyone: for all his faults, Rowse is ridiculously over-sensitive, even touchy, in such matters.

Thursday

To A.L. Rowse

Dear Leslie, The Warden of All Souls is cock-a-hoop at having received an invitation to the PM dinner tomorrow. I am delighted, &, I must admit, not a little surprised that you have been good enough to invite Warden Sparrow, but his invitation bears testament again to your extreme kindness and tolerance towards those whom nature, in her wisdom, has not, at least for the moment, seen fit to bless.

Might I offer a word of well-intentioned advice? I know the Princess's mother intimately, &, from what she tells me, the Princess would, in some sense, feel more "at home" sitting next to one of her mother's dearest friends – I leave it to you to choose which – than next to a complete stranger, & a potentially very troublesome stranger at that. And – *entre nous* – Sparrow has long experienced trouble with his bowels, which are not, I regret to say, as efficient as one might have hoped. For this reason, it would be doing him a very great kindness – a kindness amounting, in a very real way, to moral splendour – to place him down the very far end of the table, ready to effect a swift exit unnoticed.

Friday

To The Warden Of All Souls

Dear John, I have just spoken to Sibyl Colefax, and she had no hesitation in expressing her horror when I told her how very far you were placed down the table from the Princess this evening, & so cruelly close to that draughty doorway, especially after all the immense intrigue and negotiations that it took to get you invited in the first place. Much as I admire Leslie Rowse, he in some curious sense lacks both empathy and intelligence in roughly equal proportions. To like him is difficult, perhaps even to respect him, but in a curious way one can remain fascinated by his abiding self-love, which is outmatched only by his almost grotesque yet surely not unadmirable capacity for envy.

To Hugh Trevor-Roper

Dear Hughie, I was so bitterly disappointed not to see you at Rowse's dinner for HRH Princess Margaret this evening. That you were summoned at the last moment to urgent business elsewhere is, I feel, the sole explanation, for I feel sure that, in normal circumstances, you would have been the first, or, if not the first, at any rate, not the last, to be vouchsafed such an invitation.

You will be glad to hear that the Princess was in fine form, delighting in the opportunity to renew our acquaintance & expressing the very keenest interest in everything I told her. She has, I think, an, in some sense, intuitive intelligence. She is far from empty, yet in a curious sense not remotely full either. That having been said, I can confirm that we both, Her Royal Highness and I, kept our discretion intact: despite my most earnest promptings, she never once mentioned you, nor any of your books. It was almost as though she had never heard of you (!)

Saturday

To A.L. Rowse

Dear Leslie, I think I let poor Hughie down as gently as possible. He is at heart if not quite trusting, then at least in some sense gullible, so will, I imagine, never suspect that you did not invite him, nor that, for all his very special qualities, the Princess hadn't the foggiest who he is.

Sunday

To HRH Princess Margaret

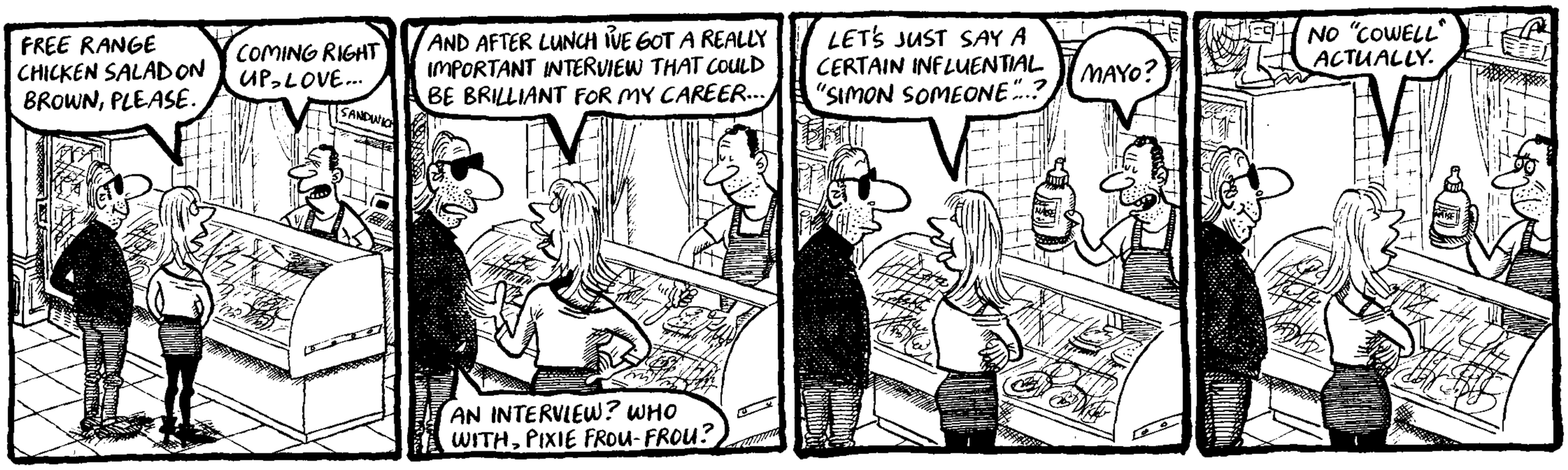
Your Royal Highness, It was, indeed, one of the most profoundly affecting experiences of my life to find myself placed beside you at dinner on Friday. I cannot tell you how moved, deeply & permanently moved, I was by this placement. As a philosopher, I was, I might add, quite overwhelmed by your extraordinarily intuitive observations that a) "one thing leads to another" and, furthermore, that b) "it never rains but it pours". I am embarrassed by the depth of my own feelings of admiration & must not go on for fear of going on & on: but I seize this opportunity to go on nevertheless, for if I did not begin to go on & on, I might not continue to go on & on. From observation b), I am at present developing a valuable theory that philosophers may be divided up between those who "rain" and those who "pour", so that, if your Royal Highness would graciously permit me in some curious sense to continue…

As told to

CRAIG BROWN

Celeb

LIGGER


FREE RANGE CHICKEN SALAD ON BROWN, PLEASE.
COMING RIGHT UP, LOVE...
SANDWICH
AND AFTER LUNCH I'VE GOT A REALLY IMPORTANT INTERVIEW THAT COULD BE BRILLIANT FOR MY CAREER...
AN INTERVIEW? WHO WITH, PIXIE FROU-FROU?
LET'S JUST SAY A CERTAIN INFLUENTIAL "SIMON SOMEONE"...?
MAYO?
NO "COWELL" ACTUALLY.

Literary Review

Hobbit forming

The Legend of Sigurd & Gudrún
J.R.R. Tolkien
(HarperCollins, £18.99)

WHATEVER failings may be laid at the door of J.R.R. Tolkien's son Christopher, idleness is not among them. Since his father's death in 1973, young Chris – in fact Tolkien junior is now in his mid-80s – has been a positive hive of editorial industry.

The patiently assembled text of *The Silmarillion*, a dozen volumes of *The History of Middle Earth*, unfinished tales, Father Christmas letters... It's mark of his indefatigability that in the three and a half decades since Tolkien senior removed himself to the great Shire in the sky, the *oeuvre* has expanded from the nine items published in his lifetime to something over 30 volumes.

HarperCollins, which bought up his original publisher, Allen & Unwin, simply to get its hands on the Tolkien copyrights, must be laughing all the way to the dragon's hoard under the Lonely Mountain.

It was assumed by the faithful that, with the appearance of *The Children of Hurin* (more *Lord of the Rings* back story) in 2007, this rich seam was finally exhausted. In fact the faithful were wrong, and some spirited fossicking in an ancient cupboard or two has since realised a typescript of *The Legend of Sigurd & Gudrún*, which Christoper's foreword describes as "two closely associated poems treating of the Völsung and Niflung (or Nibelung) legend, using modern English fitted to the Old Norse metre." Entitled "The New Lay of the Völsungs" and "The New Lay of Gudrún", the two poems, probably composed in the early 1930s, are Tolkien's attempt (his words) "to unify the lays about the Völsungs from the Elder Edda, written in the old eight-line fornyroislag stanza." Yes indeed.

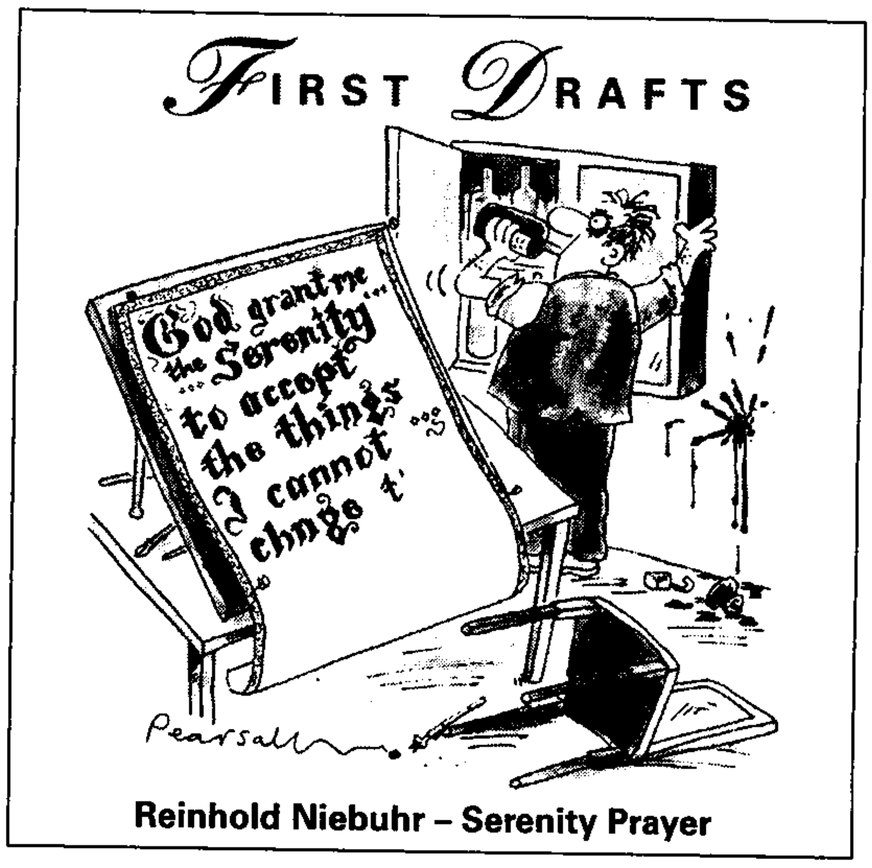
Of old was an age
When was emptiness
There was sand nor sea
Nor surging waves;
Unwrought was Earth...

And so on for another 250 pages to the rapt delight of professional philologists – see Tom Shippey's encomium in the *TLS* – and the mild bewilderment of all those doe-eyed teenagers who thought Orlando Bloom was such a dish in the films. But to venture a little mild humour about the endless refurbishment of the back catalogue is to obscure a more pressing question: when are we going to get a proper life and times?

So far there have been two contenders – the late Humphrey Carpenter's *J.R.R. Tolkien: A Biography* (1977) and the American writer Michael White's attempt to cash in on the first of the Peter Jackson flicks back in 2001. Carpenter's book is sympathetically written and well worth reading, but, as Carpenter himself always admitted, was seriously derailed by Christopher's blue pencilling of the two chapters about "Tolkien the Man". White's effort, which uses Carpenter's template to the point of plagiarism (see *Eyes passim*), can be safely ignored.

So here, extraordinarily enough, in a literary landscape where even minor figures get twice or thrice appraised, is that very rare thing: a patch of uncharted biographer's territory. The subject may be 36 years dead, but the planet still swarms with people who were taught by him, academic colleagues, Oxford neighbours, publishers who saw his manuscripts through the press. A new life might, for example, consider such previously unresearched topics as the way in which Tolkien, an Oxford don of the crustiest sort, used his books as a way of sublimating an intense, romantic side which found outward expression in a hankering to dress up as a Viking warrior, the tensions of his private life, and the deep-dyed reactionary politics that once led him to remark, almost feudally, that "Touching your hat to squire may be bad for squire but it's good for you."

Unfortunately, you have an idea that no one will get anywhere near this material while Christopher Tolkien remains the CEO of TolkienCorp. To wonder whether it's time for one of *the* great literary figures of the English-speaking 20th century to get a decent memorial isn't simply a vote for prurience and the ransacking of the knicker-drawer of which so much modern biography consists. Oddly enough, a new biography would give the whole Tolkien industry something it has hitherto conspicuously lacked: a little human interest.



Reinhold Niebuhr – Serenity Prayer

Books & Bookmen

■ AMONG the many editorial upheavals in London publishing over recent months, none has puzzled literary folk more than the sudden departures of Alex Clark as editor of *Granta* and David Graham as managing director of Granta Publications.

The man behind the coup is smoothie American critic John Freeman, who failed to get the job of *Granta* editor last time round but was made "American editor" of the magazine as consolation. After six months of this arrangement, he wrote to Tetra-Pak heiress Sigrid Rausing, Granta's sugar-mummy, saying he felt left out. When she offered him the opportunity of editing one issue a year, Clark, reasonably enough, thought this diminished her role as editor; Graham agreed. Both were paid off and Freeman was installed as acting editor. "The thought is," Rausing said, "that he will become the editor."

The talk is now of "activist nonfiction", urgent books that don't need to sell, not taking advertising from anything other than non-profit-making organisations – a terrific business plan in these austere times. Rausing and her husband Eric Abraham have told staff that they want to create a "Bohemian" atmosphere in the building: not so much an office, more a literary salon. And so, from now on, wine will be provided for staff to drink at the end of their day's work so they can bond.

"They want us to have fun," one disgruntled Granta-ite muttered, "but the wine, the wine... It's like being a toddler and watching your dad and mum being murdered and the killer then offers you a brand new Scalextric set."

● CLARK's departure leaves *Granta* with something of an identity crisis. Freeman, who will apparently "divide his time" between New York and London rather than relocate, signalled a policy shift in an article in the *Independent* last week.

Thirty years after *Granta*'s relaunch as a lit mag, he wrote, "the landscape has changed. While American literature remains enormously vital and restless – could England ever have produced a Thomas Pynchon? Junot Diaz? – a literary journal cannot in good conscience pretend that an Anglo-American dialogue is at the heart of our culture."

The scornful use of "England" was revealing, as were the implicit view that lifeless Brit lit is beyond resuscitation and the lack of awareness that there are plenty of possible answers to the questions between dashes.

■ THE Authors' Awards is a jolly, fête-like annual event held by the Society of Authors at which grandees (this year Margaret Drabble and Sebastian Faulks) make amiable speeches.

Prizes are handed out that seem linked only by the poshness, eccentricity or improbability of the deceased benefactors, who include the Dowager Marchioness of Cholmondley (for poetry), the little-known romantic novelist Betty Trask (whose stipulation that novels winning her awards must be "romantic or traditional" has long been flagrantly ignored) and Somerset Maugham (rewarding young writers, although he celebratedly described the young writers of the 50s as "scum").

Proudly asserted every year is that "these are prizes where writers are judged by writers". This policy, however, has its drawbacks. The two meaty Betty Trask cheques both went to authors with United Agents, Samantha Harvey (£12,000) and Eleanor Catton (£8,000); Joanna Kavenna, one of the three judges, is also with the agency formed by fugitives from PFD, and has the same agent, Anna Webber, as Harvey.

There was also a hint of incest in the awarding of the £5,000 Elizabeth Longford Prize for historical biography to Mark Bostridge for his Flor-

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
PISTOLS AT DAWN 200 YEARS OF POLITICAL RIVALRY
WITH CASTLEREAGH AND CANNING IT WAS PISTOLS AT DAWN....
... AND IT WAS VERY MUCH THE SAME WITH BLAIR AND BROWN

ence Nightingale biog. Both Antonia Fraser (Longford's daughter) and her daughter Flora were among the judges; so it won't have harmed Bostridge's chances that he interviewed Fraser for the *Independent* when she was promoting her life of Marie Antoinette, and wrote that in it "her superb gifts of narrative, characterisation and eye for salient detail are deployed to greater effect than ever before".

'Bookworm'

BOOKS & BLOGMEN

■ "AS the cull of literary editors continues, the best and liveliest literary criticism has moved over to the blogosphere," declared the *Bookseller* last month, anointing blogger Mark Thwaite of readysteadybook.com as one of its "100 most influential people of 2009".

Last month Thwaite cooked up a wizard wheeze after reading an appreciative review of Hugo Wilcken's *Colony* by fellow blogger John Self (theasylum.wordpress.com). "I think it would be hugely instructive fun to see if we can collectively move this into the bestseller charts (or, you know, at least get a coupla blogs talking about it!)" He promptly made *Colony* one of his "books of the month" on his other website, online bookshop bookdepository.co.uk.

Self threw himself wholeheartedly into the idea. "The above has become, after the event, a sort of experiment in internet, blog and Twitter power," he enthused on 28 May. "I posted this review on my blog this morning, and Facebooked and Twittered it... Its Amazon UK sales rank has now risen from 990,000 to 4,633 in the last four hours."

Thwaite meanwhile directed all his "fans" on Facebook towards the campaign, and brought even better news from Book Depository: "*Colony* was sales rank 309,361, now 5,304, up 5,733%!! How exciting!"

What does this actually translate to in real terms? *Colony*, published by Harper Perennial in August 2007, has now sold a total of... 21 copies.

'Blogworm'

LIBRARY NEWS

■ THE plan to bulldoze Halifax's central library is now so confused that Calderdale council hired consultants to run public consultation – then dropped them three weeks later for costing too much.

The council wants to demolish the building, which is just 26 years old and well located near the town hall, moving the library into a flashy new shopping and leisure development and sending archives, reference and the schools library service to an "urban village" scheme in a derelict mill outside the town centre (*Eye* 1234). Locals signed a 15,000-name petition against the plans.

On 29 May Calderdale announced that it was hiring MVA Consultancy to explore options for the library, reassuring library users that the consultants had an "excellent understanding of how local people value public services". But on 17 June, the community services department told the *Halifax Courier* it couldn't justify spending large amounts on consultants when the money could be spent on books.

Adding to the muddle was news this month that the West Yorkshire Archive Service (WYAS – jointly run by Calderdale, Leeds, Kirklees, Bradford and Wakefield councils) proposes to cut its own opening hours in Calderdale Central Library from five days a week to two. WYAS claims the move is due to increased online searching and "reduced footfall" from visitors, reducing the need to open. But is this really the case? WYAS is still advising visitors to Calderdale that appointments are recommended because "our search-room can get very busy".

Art news

■ THE long dispute between our Greatest Living Composer, Lord Lloyd Webber, and the Inland Revenue was settled last week, suddenly and quietly, as the case was due to come to trial.

The issue concerned Lloyd Webber's fine picture collection, which has been acquired, at least in part, through a charitable foundation he set up in 1992. The declared aims of the foundation, which is designated as educational, are to advance the "knowledge, understanding and appreciation of the arts". And in fairness, that's what it has done, lending the maestro's pictures to galleries and other institutions.

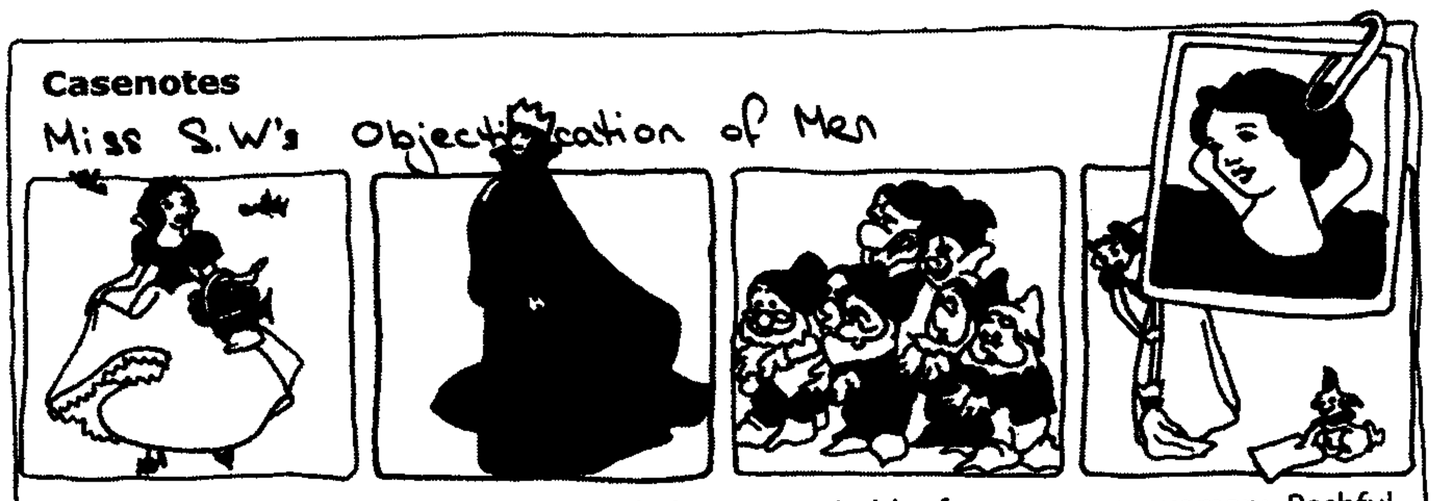
But when the pictures *haven't* been hanging in public, they've been adorning our GLC's own capacious walls – which raises questions about his relationship with the foundation and whether it merits its charitable status tax breaks.

Back in 1996 the Charity Commissioners approved it. But a leading lawyer at the time described the arrangement as "unusual" and giving "cause for concern". Thereafter the Revenue took an ever keener interest, homing in on a particular painting by the Pre-Raphaelite JW Waterhouse which was bought through the foundation, with the benefit of Gift Aid (aka a kickback from the taxpayer), but then went into one of the Lloyd Webber mansions.

Gift Aid rules state that no benefit may accrue to the person who's written the cheque that attracts the aid. And to have a JW Waterhouse on your walls, said the Revenue, is a benefit.

Lloyd Webber countered that he was paying the foundation a weekly "rent" for the picture. The Revenue said it wasn't enough to be meaningful. And so the dispute rumbled on, accumulating a vast quantity of documentation ready for trial, and leaving the GLC "baffled and saddened", as he said, by the depth to which the Revenue's teeth were sinking into his collar.

Then, at the 11th hour, the case was settled privately, virtually at the door of the court. Sadly we shall never know what it took to prise those teeth out of Lord Lloyd Webber's neck.



Our client is a well-presented young lady. Further investigation, however, has revealed a fractured personality due to her stressful childhood with a psychopathic, sexually manipulative mother figure. Her failure to integrate her personality has been projected onto the men she shares her life with. These men have been assigned traits she believes are suitable for a young woman: Bashful, Dopey (silent, intellectually unchallenging), Doctor (ministering care) and the unwittingly orgasmic Sneezy. In her projected state she operates relatively well. There is no guarantee that treating her will benefit her life. She may be integrated but will she be happy?

Sian Braddon
Literary Psychologist

Pseuds Corner

I couldn't live without it [her iPhone]. I've taken a photo of myself in every outfit I own, wearing the right accessories, so I know exactly what's in my wardrobe and what I can wear with it. It makes getting dressed every day and packing for trips so much easier.

TAMARA MELLON,
Times Magazine

When Macbeth's ruthless ambition has made him master of all he surveys, he reflects on his life:

'That which should accompany old age,
as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have, but in their stead,
curses,
Not loud but deep, mouth-honour,
Breath which the poor heart would fain deny
and dare not.'

Shakespeare could have been talking about Chelsea.

ANDY DUNN, *News of the World*

Rustyrockets The sky is in our blood. The air around us touches stars so far away that embryonic dinosaurs bask in their light. All time is in our breath.

RUSSELL BRAND's Twitter

There is no moral imperative to be monogamous with clothes.

SUSIE ORBACH,
Conde Nast Selfridge's
centenary magazine

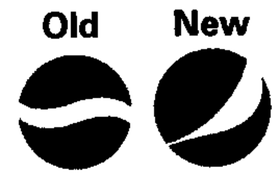
For them [Susan] Boyle was an especial heroine but her appeal was broad: she reminded people of fairy tales, of miraculous transformations, of parables about the meek: suddenly we could all see beneath the larval exterior to the bee-yoo-tiful wings beating underneath. I cried when I first watched her on YouTube. Boyle, who never asked to embody anything, spoke to a very deep, inchoate longing in people which I suppose, sappily enough, is to do with truth, perseverance, inner beauty and redemption through art.

INDIA KNIGHT,
Timesonline

Pseuds Corporate

The Pepsi DNA finds its origin in the dynamic of perimeter oscillations.

Slogan accompanying the redesign of the Pepsi logo



CONTRIBUTORS: Rachel George, Jack Stephens, Anon, 'Anfield Post', Stuart Prior, Alastair Fairweather.

£10 paid for all entries

IN THE BACK

NEW SCHOOLS

The price is frightful

COMPLACENCY and wastefulness were just two of the criticisms levelled at Partnerships for Schools (PfS), the agency running the government's £55bn "Building Schools for the Future" programme, by parliament's public accounts committee this month.

PfS, a joint venture between the government and Partnerships UK (the privatised outfit that promotes the private finance initiative), is already way behind the 2003 plan to have 200 schools re-built by 2008. (Only 42 were open for business; and PfS couldn't tell the MPs how it was going to meet even its new extended timetable of completion by 2023.)

The scheme, often cited by Gordon Brown to boast of huge investment in schools, is intended to rebuild or refurbish 3,500 English secondary schools using "local education partnerships" – joint ventures between local authorities, PFI companies and a PfS sister company called Building Schools for the Future Investments. These partnerships then sign contracts, usually under PFI, for new schools following horrendously complex negotiations that account for most of the delays.

partnerships for schools

Waste on the programme so far includes an average £10m bill to arrange and design each project and £20m annual central running costs at PfS and in Whitehall. All of which is manna for the management consultants: £11m from PfS alone up to last March (plus unknown amounts from the local education partnerships), including £1.35m for just one suit from KPMG. Even the man in charge, PfS chief executive Tim Byles (pictured), admits this isn't too clever.

Partnerships UK, whose owners include Barclays, Serco, Prudential and other financiers, takes a 15 percent return on the investment it puts into the local education partnerships via its part-ownership of PfS. The MPs said this was "too much" given that the body is supposed to have a "public sector mission" – but perhaps not too surprising given that it half owns the body in charge of the £55bn investment programme.

More worrying is that the centrally-run scheme is far more expensive than allowing local education authorities to negotiate their own deals, not least because there is no competitive tendering for each deal.

Despite the damning PAC verdict, PfS continues to expand. Just five days later schools minister Vernon Coaker announced that all school building work, including on primary schools, would henceforth be run by the agency. Once again nothing succeeds like failure.

POLICE 5

Don't call us

CALLING the police can be expensive enough since most forces switched to using 0845 numbers for non-emergency phone lines. Now two forces are refusing even to divulge their local phone numbers, claiming to be exempt from freedom of information law and that if people knew how to contact them, they wouldn't be able to fight crime properly.

When many forces introduced the non-geographic numbers several years ago, there was little or no extra cost to callers. These days, however, calls to 0845 numbers generally fall outside the free or cheap call charges on landline or mobile *phone* contracts. Such calls can be particularly expensive if callers are held in a queue. Many businesses use 0845 numbers (and their expensive 0870 cousins) to make money under revenue sharing arrangements with the phone company.

Northumbria Police have already dropped their 0845 number in favour of an 03-prefixed non-emergency number, after calculating last year that it would be much cheaper for callers. In Wales, 101 acts as a memorable non-emergency number. But many other forces still use the expensive 0845 tariff.

Slough-based campaigner Paul Janik submitted freedom of information requests to every police force in the UK, asking for their unpublicised normal rate phone numbers. The vast majority (46 out of 52 so far) and special forces such as British Transport Police were willing to have the numbers published. But two forces offered bizarre excuses.

West Midlands Police told Mr Janik that revealing their normal phone number "would, or would be likely to prejudice... the prevention or detection of crime, the apprehension or prosecution of offenders [and] the administration of justice". West Midlands police authority recently discussed changing the number, but the chief constable's report to the finance committee noted that the force earns £23,000 a year by using 0845 and that a free number might "encourage significantly more frivolous calls". No change was made.

Meanwhile Dumfries and Galloway stated on behalf of chief constable Patrick Shearer that the information was exempt from the FoI act as publication of another non-emergency number for the force "would inhibit the force's ability to maintain public confidence".

● *Mr Janik's helpful list of local non-emergency police numbers can be found at http://poltel.slough.info*

FORENSICS

It's a crime

THE vital job of forensic analysis in crime investigations moved a step nearer to becoming a private business this month when home office minister Alan Campbell (*Who he? Ed.*) announced a shake-up that could see 40 percent of staff lose their jobs at the Forensic Science Service.

Although forensic science has proved an invaluable public asset for decades, a sale was first proposed in 2003 by the then home secretary David Blunkett.

The rationale was that privatisation would enable the FSS to raise money more easily in an expanding market for forensic science. But forensic scientists countered that there simply wasn't enough of a market (it's mainly just the police) and having to return profits to private shareholders would set back the service's impressive record of developing crime-fighting technology such as DNA profiling. The few private sector forensic science companies that do exist tend not to bother with research.

In 2005, however, the FSS was duly transformed into a publicly-owned company, complete with targets for profit rather than service (see *Eye* 1152) in order to tee it up for a sale. Since then, as predicted, the "market" has failed to do what it was supposed to and is developing, admits Campbell, "at a slower pace than originally envisaged", despite the Home Office's efforts to contrive a market by encouraging police forces to use other suppliers.

Rather than rethink the privatisation, however, the process is being boosted by a "transformation" programme under which the profitable bits are identified and the less commercial elements closed down – all with the help of management consultants like CapGemini who, it so happens, have managed to flog the FSS a new IT system into the bargain.

CHILD DATABASE

Pilot wails

BAD news for the government's ContactPoint database, which holds sensitive information on every child in the country, supposedly to protect them from harm.

Liverpool, one of 17 local authorities which are meant to be piloting the scheme, is to challenge the system it says is an "expensive and unnecessary intrusion into our children's lives which will not make them any safer". Other local authorities are expected to follow Liverpool's example.

ContactPoint was the government's response to criticism following the murder of eight-year-old Victoria Climbie. It is supposed to make it easier for child welfare agencies to share concerns and information. But as the *Eye* has detailed repeatedly, it is wide open to abuse or human error which could actually put children at more risk.

The government has allowed for the "shielding" of some information; but to judge by the experience of one of the country's best selling authors, that exercise is itself a security disaster.

The author, whom we are not naming in order to preserve the anonymity of his children, writes books that attract a small sub-section of persistent dubious conspiracy theorists; and he was advised to apply to his local authority for "shielding".

He duly sent off his passport, driving licence and children's full details, including their birth certificates, in a registered envelope with guaranteed next day delivery. But the following week, the local authority database unit emailed him to ask if he had posted the documents. Concerned that they had not arrived, he made his own inquiries and found there had been no one to receive the recorded package at the council's PO Box address.

The postman had left a calling card and taken the package back to the Post Office. And there it remained until a council employee went to pick it up. Later, the author's passport and children's birth certificates were posted back to him in a standard first class envelope – hardly great data protection.

A week later he received a letter saying there was no evidence of "significant risk" to his children and his request for shielding was rejected. He is demanding a review and trying to find out how to appeal the decision.

"It is pointless to argue that with so many civil servants with access, there won't be some with questionable tendencies – and more who will be open to bribery and corruption by selling data from ContactPoint," he said. "How many police officers and civilian police staff are prosecuted each year for selling information from police computers and records? This stupid exercise will mean all the kids in the UK will be at increased risk."

PRISONS

NOMS culls

IN MARCH Askham Grange open prison outside York received rare praise from Anne Owers, chief inspector of prisons.

It was "outstanding" and "the best adult jail" she had inspected, and the only one which scored highly in all four inspection tests: safety, respect, purposeful activity and resettlement. It was, she said, an example of a model prison that other jails might try to follow.

So how has Phil Wheatley, director general of the National Offender Management Service, responded? Er, by getting rid of Askham Grange's governor and putting the jail under the control of the governor of New Hall Prison 30 miles away in Wakefield, to reduce costs by "clustering".

Was this a good idea? Owers recent report on New Hall found weaknesses in anti-bullying and suicide prevention arrangements; staff-prisoner relations were poor; some staff had outdated and inappropriate attitudes to women; accommodation was cramped, cold and unfit for purpose; women had inadequate access to showers; and support for foreign prisoners and the high numbers with drink-related problems was insufficient.

LOCKERBIE APPEAL

Baggage checks

NEWS that the health of Ali Mohmed al-Megrahi, the man convicted of the Lockerbie bombing, is rapidly deteriorating has prompted calls for the Scottish government to order a new fatal accident inquiry (FAI) into the downing of Pan Am flight 103, which killed 270 people.

Megrahi, who has advanced prostate cancer, is unlikely to survive his lengthy appeal. If he dies – or, as is expected, takes advantage of a prisoner exchange deal pushed through by justice secretary Jack Straw to return to Libya to die with his family – the families of the victims believe vital evidence will remain hidden. The appeal cannot continue in his absence.

Jim Swire, father of Flora who perished on the flight, has written to Scotland's senior law officer asking her to reopen the FAI. His request centres on evidence which came to light and was reported in the *Eye* in 2001, but which crucially was not heard at either Megrahi's trial or at the original FAI. It was a break-in discovered at a Pan Am baggage area at Heathrow in the early hours of 21 December 1988, the day of the bombing. The padlock on the door had been professionally cut in two and the area was open to intruders.

Coupled with the evidence of London baggage handlers about two extra pieces of luggage, including a maroon/brown Samsonite case, appearing on a container about to be loaded on to the flight, the break-in was expected to feature heavily in Megrahi's appeal. The conviction of Megrahi depended upon an unlikely scenario in which the bomb suitcase was first smuggled on to a plane in Malta, then transferred at Frankfurt on to another plane bound for Heathrow, and then transferred again to Pan Am 103. Indeed, at Megrahi's trial the absence of any evidence as to how he had done this was pronounced "a major problem for the prosecution case". But it resulted in his conviction nevertheless.

Ray Manly, the security guard who discovered the break-in at Heathrow, said he gave a statement and handed over the padlock to an officer who was investigating Lockerbie – but his evidence was not called at either Megrahi's trial or the FAI.

Jim Swire believes this evidence was covered up because it completely undermined the case against Megrahi – and Libya – and pointed to dreadful security lapses at Heathrow. A short time before the bombing, German police had put out a warning after discovering altitude-sensitive bombs devised by a Syrian-backed terrorist group operating out of Frankfurt, which would detonate around 40 minutes after take-off. The Pan Am bomb exploded 38 minutes after leaving Heathrow.

Swire has written to Scotland's Lord Advocate, asking if the crown was aware of this evidence at the time and, if so, why this information was concealed from the defence and indeed from the FAI. He told the *Eye*: "At the inquiry, Sheriff Principal John Mowat said that the court should accept that the bomb had come from Frankfurt – but he knew nothing of the Heathrow break-in. The inquiry was therefore totally misdirected and on that ground alone should be reopened."

So far he has had no reply – but he is not holding his breath.

DEEPCUT

Base politics

NO WONDER the government and Ministry of Defence are so determined to resist continuing calls for a public inquiry into the fatal shootings of the four young recruits at Deepcut army training camp.

The latest reports on the scandal – last month's boards of inquiry into the deaths of Geoff Gray and James Collinson – make clear the camp was so starved of resources it could not provide "an appropriate level of duty of care" for the thousands of teenagers passing through it.

The problem was well known and frequently raised up the chain of command, with strong evidence to substantiate a case for action – but the "funding was not available". As a result (as *Eye* readers are well aware), four recruits died and thousands of others, most of them away from home for the first time, lived on a sink army base where physical and sexual abuse went largely unpunished and drunkenness and illegal sexual activity were rampant.

This time, however, the boards received new written evidence from the man who at the time headed the army's training body, ATRA: Lt Gen (Retd) Andrew Palmer. Both Palmer and then the boards of inquiry passed the buck upwards to the top brass and politicians. They made it clear that behind the debacle was a defence shake-up by the then Tory government – "Front Line First", which was meant to ensure that troops in battle were always a priority but in practice focused on cutting defence spending.

Palmer said that in the spirit of Front Line First, training inevitably came last. Even after the first two recruits, Sean Benton and Cheryl James, had died, Palmer didn't even try to make the case that Deepcut was a disgrace to the armed forces and in dire need of resources – or closure. "There was an enormous difference between recognising the need to address a problem… and being in a position to persuade the army to reverse its perception of the appropriate balance of risk," he said.

Thus any public inquiry would parade successive defence secretaries (Malcolm Rifkind, Michael Portillo, George Robertson, Geoff Hoon) protesting from the witness box that they had no idea things were so bad at the army's grass roots. Successive army chiefs of staff (Field Marshal Sir Peter Inge, General Sir Charles Guthrie, General Sir Roger Wheeler, General Sir Michael Walker), meanwhile, would be asking what these ministers expected if their policy was to strip everything possible out of army training in order to fund conflicts in Bosnia and elsewhere.

The words of Jeremy Hanley, the Tory junior defence minister who said of Front Line First in 1994 that money spent unnecessarily on "support" was money wasted from the front line, would be used against them. For among the grimmest consequences were the deaths of the four young soldiers.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

Quacklash!

MORE on the "quacklash" by scientists and science writers against Mr Justice Eady's ruling in the action brought by the British Chiropractic Association against Simon Singh (see *Eyes passim*).

Furious that the judge appears to have made a fair examination of chiropractors' claims impossible – including claims that spinal manipulations can treat all manner of childhood illness – the anorak brigade retaliated.

It started with a complaint to the Advertising Standards Authority about Dr Carl Irwin & Associates of Edgware. The alternative therapy practice claimed it could treat colic, learning difficulties and irritable bowel syndrome. The ASA looked at the evidence and decided last month that the chiropractors had no right to call themselves doctors.

"Whilst some of the studies indicated that further research was worth pursuing, in particular in relation to the chiropractic relief of colic," it said, "we have not seen robust clinical evidence to support the claim that chiropractic could treat IBS, colic and learning difficulties."

Meanwhile Singh's supporters, sporting "Keep the Libel Laws out of Science" t-shirts, mugs, bags, badges and caps, are using the inter-nerd to confound the judge. Simon Perry, who organises the "Skeptics in the Pub" lectures, went through the BCA's 1,029 online members. He wrote a computer programme to download their websites and search for the word "colic". He found 500 chiropractors claiming they could treat childhood illnesses. He cross-referred these with a list of local authority trading standards offices, and produced scores of letters of complaint quoting the ASA ruling.

The results have been impressive. Trading standards officers in Poole and Hounslow have started moving against local chiropractors and panic is spreading through the alternative health movement.

The McTimoney Chiropractic Association emailed members on 8 June warning of a "witch hunt". If "you have a website, take it down NOW," it cried. Members were told to remove leaflets claiming "that you treat whiplash, colic or other childhood problems in your clinic or at any other site where they might be displayed with your contact details on them. DO NOT USE them until further notice."

Chiropractors should also stop calling themselves "Doctor" on business cards and be wary of calls from "mystery shoppers" asking about treatments of children. "IF YOU DO NOT FOLLOW THIS ADVICE, YOU MAY BE AT RISK FROM PROSECUTION," the association concluded. A case of the biter bit?

MR Justice Eady has also been busy in the case of the blogging policeman, allowing the *Times* to name the anonymous author of the award-winning NightJack blog as Richard Horton, 45, a Lancashire detective.

The *Times*'s vindictive non-scoop forced Horton to take down his website which had won 500,000 readers and he has been disciplined by his force.

Mr Justice Eady is not known for being a defender of freedom of the press, so why did he come out in favour of the *Times*?

NightJack had no right to privacy, he ruled, because the court would not protect "police officers who are, or think they may be, acting in breach of police discipline regulations… It would seem to be quite legitimate for the public to be told who it was who was choosing to make, in some instances quite serious criticisms of police activities."

So there you have it. Servants of the criminal justice system cannot have their privacy protected when they break regulations. Unless of course they happen to be judges.

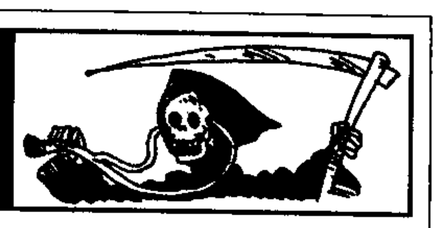
Shortly before Eady's ruling, the lawyers who dominate the Information Tribunal decided that the privacy of the 170 judges disciplined for misconduct must be protected – even those judges caught drink-driving, having affairs with Brazilian cleaners, falling asleep in rape trials and viewing porn on their office computers.

Such openness would disrupt the courts if the public were allowed to know about judges' misdemeanours, the tribunal told the *Guardian*. So it is that coppers with interesting stories to tell get in the neck, but misbehaving judges can live in peace.

'Ratbiter'

"A policeman's blog is not a happy one…happy one"

HEALTH CHECK



MEDICINE BALLS

Labour's pains

NEW health secretary Andy "Little Boy" Burnham does a fine line in cheesy tributes, describing his predecessor Alan Johnson as "the postman who delivered for the NHS". But Johnson got out just in time.

The postman has in fact left Burnham (39, Capricorn) to collect a number of suspect packages including a swine flu pandemic, a predicted summer heatwave, a staffing crisis caused by the 48-hour week for junior doctors and a projected five-year shortfall in NHS funding of £20bn.

As a tail-ender in the fag end of New Labour, he may do little more than pass the buck on to Andrew Lansley, his Tory shadow; but his maiden speech at the NHS Confederation conference did little to inspire: "Can we do more to get through the challenge and to the next level, going from good to world-class?"

He also promised to "unlock the 1.4m people working in the NHS" and "create a truly people-centred NHS – which genuinely empowers patients and carers as experts potentially backed with control over funds, moving on health promotion and physical activity, helping people to lead full happy lives, working with public sector partners to wrap care around patients and to place quality at heart of everything."

Burnham clearly speaks fluent New Labour bullshit, having previously been Minister of State for Delivery and Reform at the Department of Health. But can he stop the NHS going tits up in the recession?

The NHS has undoubtedly got better over the last decade, but there are still huge variations in the quality of care, and plenty of commercial secrecy and petty rivalry disguising poor practice and waste. Labour missed its big chance to rebuild the NHS around quality and safety after the Bristol inquiry, instead opting for private competition and patient choice to raise standards. But several analyses have found that these reforms have so far made very little difference. The best use of the extra funding has been made by existing services upping their game.

Lord Darzi, the under secretary at the DoH, has been frantically encouraging doctors to get more involved in management, and it certainly makes sense for a clinical service to be run by clinicians. But the English NHS at least seems stuck with a market, which hasn't delivered a better service at a reasonable cost because those doing the purchasing haven't struck tough enough deals.

M.D. UPDATE

DR Graham Rich, chief executive of University Hospitals Bristol (UHB), has taken allegations of pathological misdiagnosis at UHB "extremely seriously" (see last *Eye*).

He has ordered "an independent review of a sample of previous cases to identify if there is an error rate outside the normal range accepted by the Royal College of Pathologists". Hopefully this will include the 15 very serious allegations that have been circulating around Bristol for some years, but only warranted an external review after publication in the *Eye*.

M.D.

NHS PLC

BUPA blooper

WITH health service cuts looming regardless of who is in government, loss-making initiatives can ill be afforded. So how long for the "framework for procuring external support for commissioning", aka FESC, a costly exercise in privatising the procurement of treatment by primary care trusts?

Figures from the Department of Health, picked up by *Pulse* magazine, reveal that since FESC was set up in October 2007, contracts with firms including BUPA, Tribal and UnitedHealth have been signed at an expected cost of £39.4m. In return they guarantee the NHS savings of, er, just £17.5m. According to DoH director of commissioning Gary Belfield, this means "the net cost to the NHS is £21.9m".

Time to scrap the idea then? Not a bit of it. Belfield insists: "FESC is undoubtedly one of the principal tools that PCTs [primary care trusts] can use to improve their WCC ['world class commissioning'] results."

The 2007 pilot scheme was extended last year without a promised value-for-money assessment by the then health secretary Alan Johnson. "Many PCTs involved in FESC are discovering that there are real benefits to bringing in external expertise," he claimed. As the *Eye* reported when the idea was mooted in 2007, the main beneficiaries are those on the shortlist for further deals including the management consultants behind the idea of a commissioning "market" in the NHS: KPMG and McKinsey.

As privatising healthcare commissioning is exposed, what news of the brains behind FESC, the DoH's commissioning director-general Mark Britnell, an all-round NHS golden boy who was tipped as a future chief executive?

Britnell, who awarded a contract last year to a joint venture between Dr Foster Intelligence and the consultancy firm KPMG to advise on commissioning across the NHS, this month jacked in his job at the department to go and work for, you guessed it, KPMG!

To cap it all

ONE man benefiting from privatising the NHS is the former NHS "delivery" minister Lord Warner, who did so much for the health market until he resigned at the end of 2006. He now works for a private health operator, General Healthcare, along with other companies providing services to the NHS.

Warner speaks frequently in the Lords in support of health reforms that favour these companies though, following an earlier *Eye* intervention, with slightly more regard for declaring his interests (see *Eye* 1229).

In perhaps his most blatant intervention, last month he put his name to an amendment to the current health bill that would allow a health secretary to override the private patient limit imposed on NHS trusts, despite having been the minister who imposed it before he acquired private health interests in 2003! Now Warner admits: "I repent my sins."

Others weren't so keen on the idea. Lord (Dale) Campbell-Savours thought that "these are incredibly sensitive matters for the House of Commons" which had voted for the cap as part of accepting contentious proposals for foundation hospitals. The idea was "a Trojan horse that could be used by a future government to completely undermine whole areas of the national health service". Thanks to the Tory block vote, Warner got his way; but when the bill went back to the Commons this month, one of new health secretary Andy Burnham's first moves was to reject the change – with the consolation prize for Warner and supporters of a "consultation" on the subject.

BT cross lines

THE dire financial state of telephone company-turned-IT botcher BT is costing the health service a few more hundreds of millions of pounds, a parliamentary answer from health minister (until his recent move to culture) Ben Bradshaw reveals.

BT's contract to transform hospital IT systems across London under the disastrous national programme for IT has just increased in price from £1.021bn to £1.567bn, while its deal to run the central health database has also ballooned, up £269m.

The increase was hidden behind the excuse that the increase includes an addition for work in the south of England, abandoned by Fujitsu, though it will cover nothing like half the work Fujitsu was supposed to do on the £1bn contract. This latest extra bill comes weeks after BT's profits were largely wiped out by write-downs on two major contracts including its NHS work.

The truth is that with two out of four of the programme's main suppliers having left, BT can more or less demand what it wants.

● HOW much does the NHS spend overall on consultants of the clipboard rather than clinical variety?

A report from the Commons' health select committee reveals that… um… nobody knows as records aren't kept centrally. In 2006 the National Audit Office put the figure at £600m, while the Department of Health itself shells out around £100m a year.

What is known from the parliamentary report is that 1,600 separate individual or corporate consultants, from "Ability Net" to "Zeal Solutions Ltd", were used by the NHS last year.

No wonder British Medical Association president Jonathan Fielden this month complained about having to pay the suits, up to £1,000 a day each, to explain *to them* how the health service works. Time, he pointed out, for the NHS to "ditch the management consultants".

Atos errs

MORE evidence emerges that the private contractors hired to carry out medical assessments on benefit claimants are as useless as ever.

Mr D, an *Eye* reader from Harlesden, north London, has acute rheumatoid arthritis and has had both hips replaced. After losing his job when his employer became a victim of the credit crunch, he applied for the new employment and support allowance (ESA), which is meant to provide financial aid and personalised advice to help disabled people find work.

After completing the mammoth questionnaire, Mr D was invited for a grilling by a doctor at Atos Healthcare's Marylebone medical examination centre in west London. Atos Origin is contracted by the Department for Work and Pensions (DWP) to carry out medical assessments for disability benefits.

The summons was accompanied by a "suggested journey plan", describing a 55-minute journey on foot and by bus to Paddington. Not only was this entirely useless for Mr D, but even when he made his own way to Paddington, there was another problem. "In the form I filled in, I had indicated that I'd need a disabled parking bay," he told the *Eye*. "So naturally, all Atos Origin's assessment centres in west London have no parking areas, disabled or otherwise."

The *Eye* asked Atos if it was normal practice to suggest long walks to people claiming for mobility-related disabilities. It said the information booklet it sends out always includes a journey planner for those able to use public transport and should also include a note about arranging a taxi for those who can't. It added that there was "pay and display metered parking" near its centre.

In the City

ACCOUNTANTS Ernst & Young have failed in an unprecedented bid to prevent the beancounters' regulator, the Joint Disciplinary Scheme, from passing the findings of a disciplinary tribunal over its role in the Equitable Life scandal to the Fundamentally Supine Authority.

E&Y obtained an injunction in judicial review proceedings against the JDS two days before Christmas, which not only prevented the tribunal's findings being passed to the FSA, the chief City regulator, but even prevented it from disclosing that the tribunal had reached a decision, that E&Y had launched an appeal or that the injunction proceedings existed. Under JDS rules the tribunal's exact findings and any fines are not known until after the appeal is decided. E&Y and one former partner's appeal will be heard in October.

The December injunction proceedings and all later hearings were in secret. *Private Eye* sought to oppose that position in April but this was rejected. However, we made representations to the court last Friday in relation to the proposed secrecy of the judicial review proceedings against the JDS, which were due to be heard on Monday this week. The JDS opposed the judicial review proceedings and the injunction.

The injunction raised important issues because it involved Equitable, a major regulatory failure where the government is under pressure to pay compensation to policyholders, and because of the delay in passing information from one regulator, the JDS, to another regulator, the FSA, at a time when City regulation is high on the political and public radar.

On Friday Mr Justice Gross ruled that Monday's hearing would be in secret but allowed publication at least of the fact that there were proceedings between E&Y and the JDS. On Monday morning E&Y dropped its application for a judicial review and the previous injunction was removed, allowing the JDS to pass its report to the FSA after a delay of six months, during which the FSA and Equitable policyholders have been kept in the dark about the tribunal reaching a finding adverse to the former auditors.

The JDS brought disciplinary proceedings against E&Y and two former partners involved in the Equitable audit – Paul McNamara and Richard Combes. The case against Combes was dropped because of his ill health. The JDS first lodged complaints against E&Y and the two auditors in September 2004 for producing unqualified audit opinions from 1990 to 2000, failing to understand Equitable's business and failing to act with independence and objectivity.

Equitable all but collapsed in 2000 after it was faced with a potential liability of at least £1.5bn. But the tribunal proceedings were suspended in November 2004 pending the outcome of Equitable's abortive civil claim against its auditors, which ended in 2005 when the insurers dropped their negligence claim and walked away empty-handed but for an estimated £45m legal bill. E&Y had failed in a 2002 bid to delay the JDS investigation until after the civil case.

Full story of a shabby saga in the next issue.

NOW that Scotland Yard is indeed on the case of the greedy MPs and peers, the main problem for the Crown Prosecution Service, in the view of experienced fraud prosecutors, will be proving the deception or dishonesty which is essential for charges under either the old theft act or the more recent and preferable fraud act.

The fraud act only came into effect in January 2007, so any bogus claims made before then will probably need to be dealt with under the theft act. The advantage of the fraud act is that it removed the need to prove that somebody had been deceived – a problem when so many in the Commons Fees Office making the payments to MPs and peers appear at best negligent and at worst complicit.

The fraud act requires that the MP or peer make an untrue or misleading statement, or fail to disclose information that there was a duty to disclose, or abuse a position of trust. Claiming for non-existent mortgage payments would certainly seem to meet that test in the case of Labour MP Elliot Morley, and possibly London overnight allowances for those with homes outside London in the case of Labour peer Baroness Uddin – two of the "small number" of those in the Yard's sights. Uddin has claimed more than £80,000 in overnight allowances since 2001 on the basis that her main home was outside London, rather than the housing association home of her family in Wapping. She acquired a flat in Kent in 2005 but it is disputed whether that is or has ever been her main home.

The next test in the fraud act is whether the false statement was made with intent to gain – well, Morley claimed and was paid £800 a month; Uddin an allowance worth up to £174 a night.

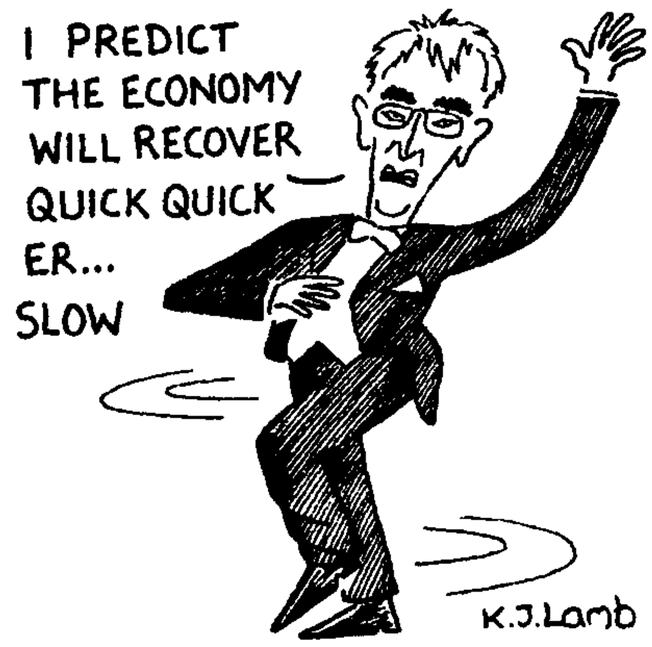
The third and crucial test is that the claimant behaved dishonestly. This is where the battle may take place as Morley and Uddin have denied any wrongdoing. Morley has stated it was a mistake without intent to break the law, and all MPs and peers have blamed the vagueness of a system of which they were helpless prisoners compelled, encouraged or allowed to make false claims.

Morley began making claims for £16,000 on his ghost mortgage after March 2006. Fellow Labour MP David Chaytor claimed almost £13,000 between September 2005 and August 2006 – before the fraud act became law. Uddin has been claiming since 2001. This would suggest that any prosecution of Chaytor and others would have to be under the theft act for obtaining property by deception and/or false accounting in whole or in part.

False accounting is described as where "a person dishonestly, with a view to gain for himself or another or with intent to cause loss to another… conceals or falsifies any account or any record or document made or required for any accounting purpose; or in furnishing information for any purpose produces or makes use of any account, or any such record or document as aforesaid, which to his knowledge is or may be misleading, false or deceptive in a material particular". Many of the claims filed by MPs and peers would seem easily to qualify. Which is why so many have repaid so much – approaching £500,000. Repayment does not excuse theft, though; it only goes to mitigation and can amount to admission of wrongdoing. However, could any MP or peer who is charged claim, however bizarrely, that the Fees Office was not misled?

Also, with the theft act, dishonesty could be denied if it were claimed that the MP believed he was entitled to the expenses payment or if he considered he had the consent of the Fees Office to the payment. It can be seen what a legal quagmire this might prove, given what the Fees Office officials allowed.

A jury may not be sympathetic, given the public rage about politicians, but it may depend on whether the CPS is prepared to let them be the judge. The government will certainly not want Labour MPs or peers appearing in court in the run-up to an election. But these are (or should not be) long and complex investigations, so a decision on whether to charge may well be reached early next year, well before any election… unless – like the Iraq inquiry – it is decided to delay any charges until after the election.



Strictly Come Darling

EMBARRASSINGLY for film-maker HandMade and its colourful chairman Patrick Meehan, a subsidiary of the AIM-listed company is being sued for unpaid rent on the Beverly Hills home provided for Meehan by the company and its shareholders. The civil action was launched in a Los Angeles court last month after the $12,000 rent was not paid on 1 May. The June rent was also unpaid.

HandMade Films Inc has rented the property for Meehan since 2005, and HandMade also rents offices in Los Angeles. The admission document to AIM in 2006 – after HandMade was reversed into Equator Group – stated that the company provided "fully expensed accommodation in Los Angeles" for Meehan, as befits a Hollywood player. A Meehan trust is the largest shareholder in HandMade.

HandMade is best known for its film library, in part created when the company was owned by Beatle George Harrison – it includes *The Long Good Friday*, *Mona Lisa* and *Withnail and I*. Before moving into films and buying the HandMade library, Meehan was better known on the Seventies music scene as the manager of Ozzy Osbourne's Black Sabbath and other rock bands through WorldWide Artists. Meehan's unusual history, business associates and methods were detailed two years ago in *Eye* 1186.

The property on Schuyler Road in Beverly Hills is not among the biggest or most expensive there. Two blocks up is a mansion once owned by film star Errol Flynn that is on offer at $2.5m. Across the road is a large building site where a serious mansion is being built on a site that cost $60m.

Meehan also has another home out in the southern Californian desert at Borrego Springs. He bought the local newspaper, the *Borrego Sun*, in March.

Landlord Monte Overstreet told the *Eye* last

THE DIRECTORS

DREDGE & RIGG

week that he expected the dispute to be settled. Meehan had agreed a settlement but it had not yet been signed. A court hearing is due on 1 July. "I don't know why he did not pay the rent," said Overstreet. "He's always late with his rent – I have to chase after him. He is such a world traveller, you would think he would pay his rent."

Doubtless HandMade had good reason for not paying. It lost money in both 2006 and 2007 – £3.4m and £8.2m. The shares, placed at 32p in 2006, are now around 11p.

MATTERS go from bad to worse at fast diminishing private equity wannabe MCC Global, whose problems were detailed last month in *Eye* 1237.

The AGM of shareholders, due to take place in Amsterdam on 10 June, was suddenly postponed the day before. No new date was given. MCC is a Dutch company listed on the Frankfurt stock market. Then, on 12 June, the US-listed Equus Total Return fund announced that it was sacking MCC as its investment adviser in order to save costs. Two days later a clearly unhappy MCC confirmed that the contract would end on 30 June and that this would have a "materially negative effect on the company's financial condition". The Equus fees are understood to form the biggest slice of MCC's dwindling income. It also has a large investment in the Equus fund. Why Equus should suddenly decide to end the MCC contract is unclear but may not be unrelated to MCC's financial problems highlighted by two sets of unaudited accounts and the resignation of its auditors, a Dutch affiliate of Mazars. The auditors, it seems, were unable to confirm certain information contained in the accounts to be presented to the annual meeting that has now been "postponed until further notice".

BACK in 1988, a young Tony Blair attacked the Conservative government for not reappointing Sir Kenneth Berrill as chairman of the Securities & Investments Board, then a leading City regulator. This decision had caused "widespread concern that this is a victory for vested interests in the financial sector against tough regulation", declared the eager Labour watchdog.

Ten years on and by then the Dear Leader, Blair supported another former City critic, Chancellor Gordon Brown, in replacing the SIB and other regulators with the Fundamentally Supine Authority, whose role became to protect those same "vested interests in the financial sector against tough regulation" with the resulting credit bubble and banking crisis.

And the man who replaced Berrill and so alarmed Blair? None other than investment banker David Walker. Twenty-one years later, Sir David Walker will shortly produce a report on corporate governance in UK banks for Alistair Darling. Two years ago Walker produced a much-derided report on private equity groups for the British Venture Capital Association. Clearly Messrs Brown and Darling do not share the doubts of the former Labour leader.

'Slicker'

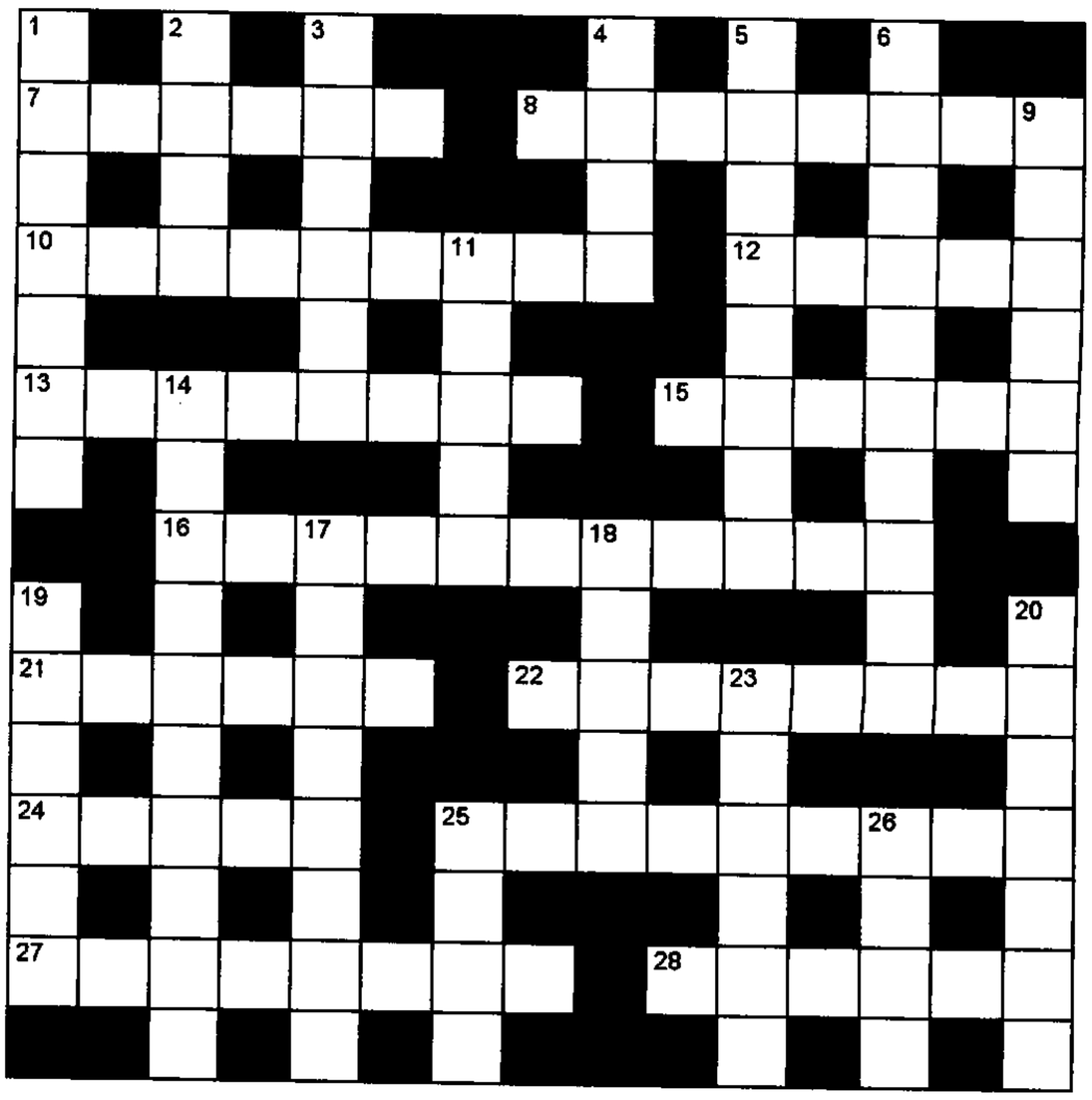
NUMBER CRUNCHING

£500,000

- Amount of cash paid back to public purse so far by MPs who admit over-claiming on their expenses
- Annual salaries of 15 junior doctors
- Annual salaries of 17 child protection social workers
- Annual salaries of 22 police constables
- Annual salaries of 24 newly-qualified teachers

EYE CROSSWORD 394

by Cyclops



£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 3 July 2009

Entries to 'Crossword', Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1D 3BN or via email to crossword@private-eye.co.uk

ACROSS

7 Where to see pictures of pisspoor lover grabbing frau's rear (6)

8 Youth, dateless (personal hygiene problem), erection halted (8)

10/19 Westminster mad-house, the refuge of anti-government types? (9,6)

12 The Real IRA, lacking guts, having lost one of them (5)

13/15 MP licenses a sex change – nice source of income for a politician (8,6)

16 In which Bush can no longer get around ballsing up of career no.1 (3,5,3)

21 Gays finally like pussy – rather odd (6)

22 US representative has relations with a boss of the British agent (5,3)

24 As Brenda knocked back booze (5)

25 Unreliable Civil Service sources revealing who'll replace Gordon, say (9)

27 Slater vibrated in Cyclops's crack (8)

28 Kate endlessly admitted: "I've screwed around – here's the pictures!" (6)

DOWN

1 A slut is not a PC sort of parent (7)

2/26 Archer's success tally is rubbish (8)

3 A national: "Gordon, wife absent, grabs sex!" (6)

4/25 Pretentious columnist and author of The Prince and the Fairy (4,4)

5 Former Tory darling left Dicky bugger all (8)

6 The state of Gloucester? Something of the cheap and nasty (10)

9 Force one end of you into sack, maybe (6)

11 Some swear by one that's bloody firm externally (5)

14 Crappy asphalting produced by Lebanese right-winger (10)

17 Bum on bum, dead tight (3-5)

18 Doom merchant: "City's lost its heart – 75% cut" (5)

19 See 10ac.

20 Cyclops is a hack – wow! (7)

23 Do an Archer: sound beastly and keep your head down (3,3)

25 See 4dn.

26 See 2dn.

Crossword 393 winner: STEPHEN JONES

ACROSS: 7 Envelop 8 Slight 9/16 Public demonstration 10 Chastity 11 War crime 14 Trophy 18 Soccer 20 Racked up 21 Pentagon 24 Poplar 26 Ageist 27 General.

DOWN: 1 Get-up-and-go 2 Evil 3 Election 4 Epic 5 Riot police 6 Shit 8 Scant 12 Comic strip 13 Enter 17 Al Capone 19/15 Right Honourable 22 Edgy 23 Nigh 25 Porn.

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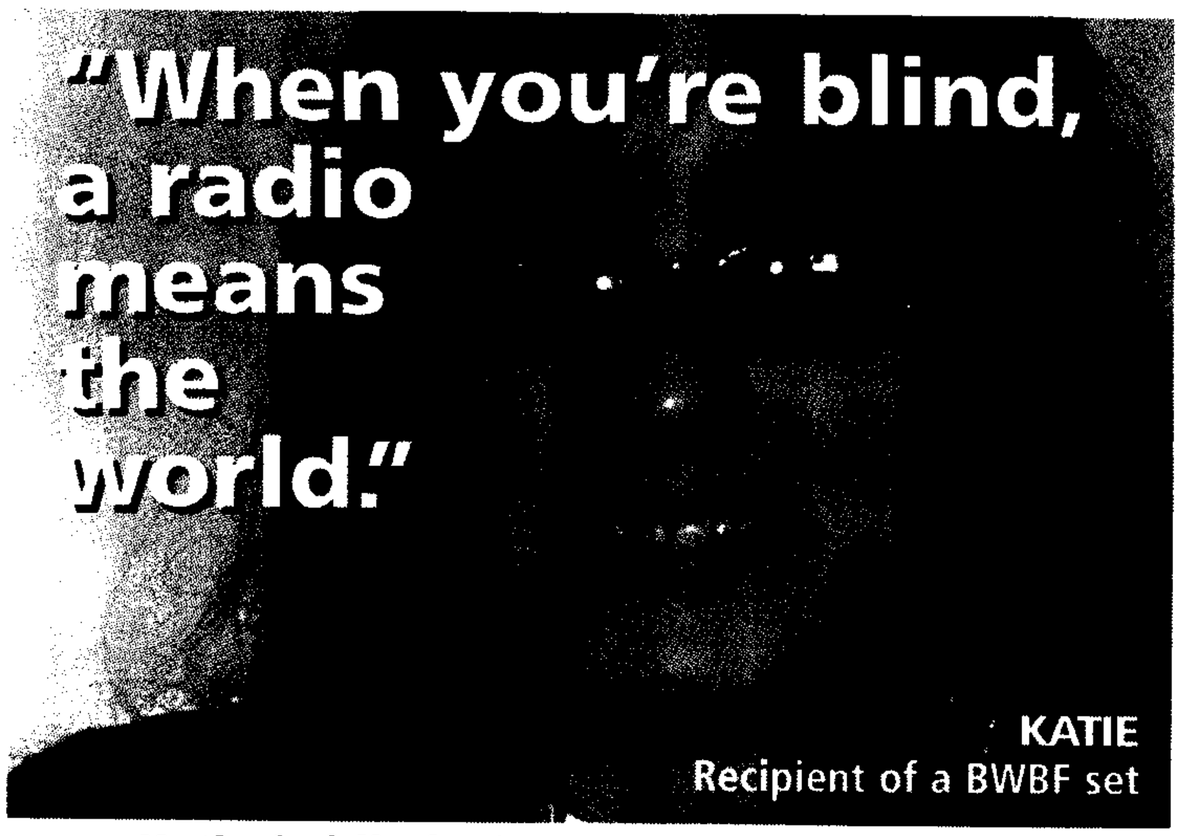
PE/SM



Katie is blind. The British Wireless for the Blind Fund provided a specially adapted CD-radio-cassette recorder on permanent free loan. Many, many other visually impaired people are still in need.

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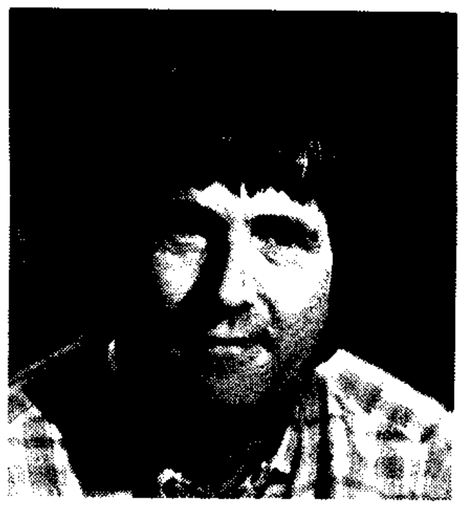
THE PAUL FOOT AWARD 2009



Private Eye has always aimed to awaken people's intelligence about what is happening around them.
Paul Foot, February 2003

For the fourth year running *Private Eye* and *The Guardian* are awarding a prize for investigative/campaigning journalism in memory of Paul Foot.

The overall winner will be awarded £5,000, with the 5 runners-up each receiving £1,000 at a ceremony to be held in London on 2nd November 2009.

Submissions will be accepted for material published in a newspaper, magazine or on a website between 1st September 2008 and 31st August 2009.

FOR FULL DETAILS AND ENTRY FORM VISIT
www.private-eye.co.uk

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The Daily Drinker

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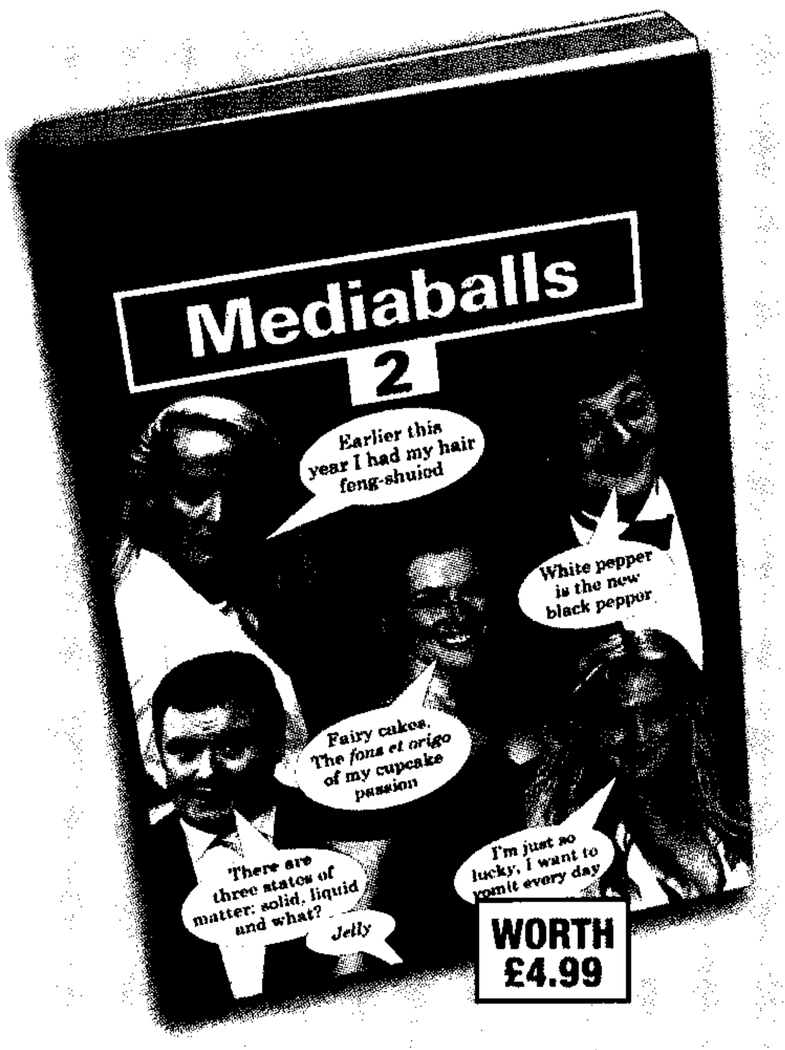
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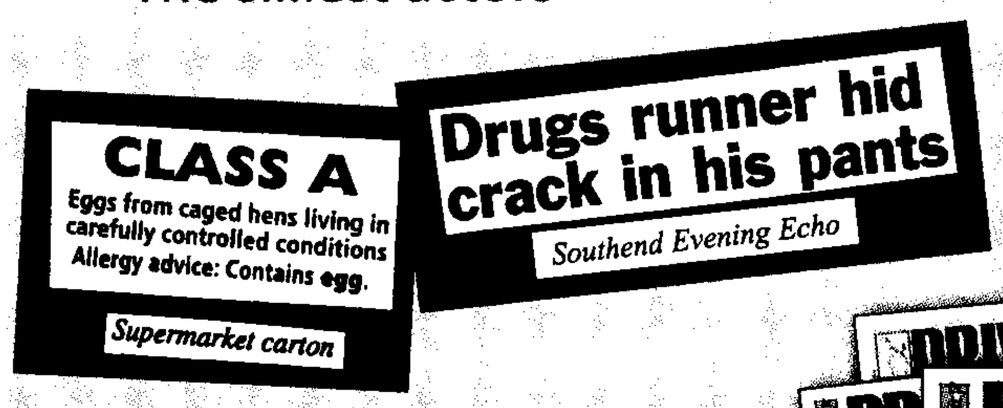
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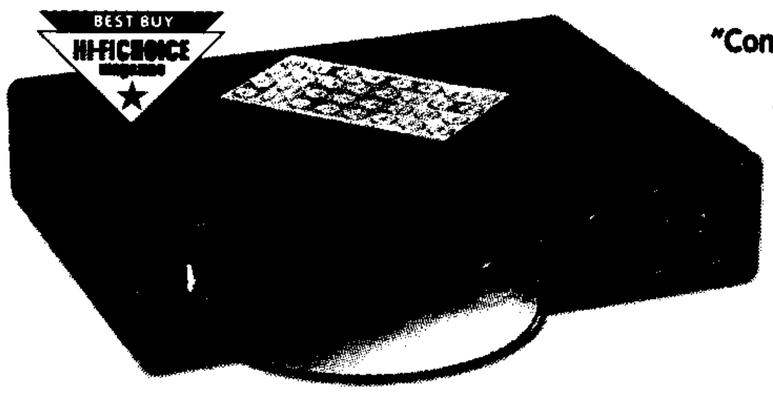

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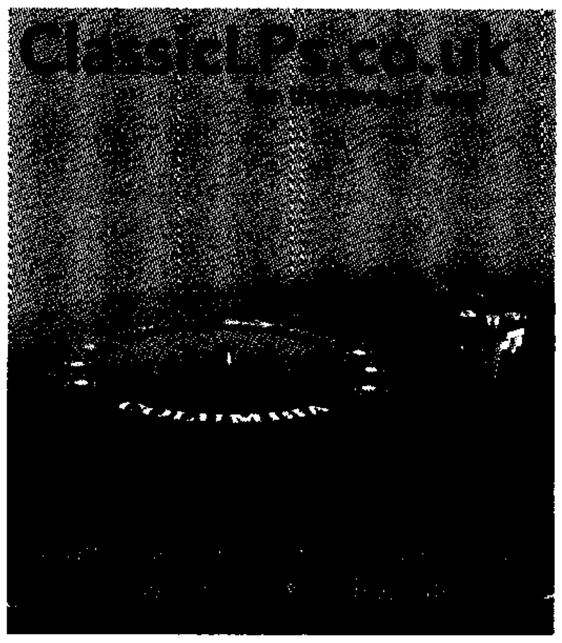

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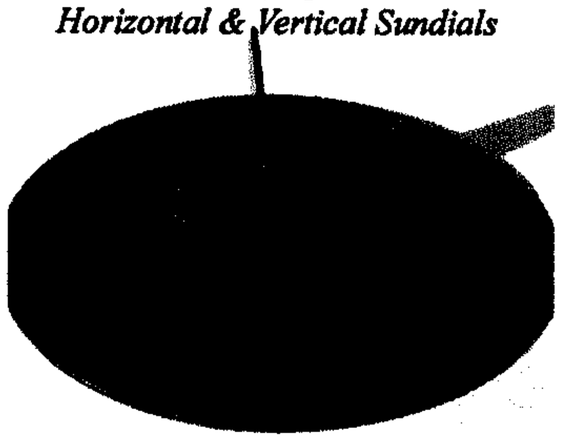

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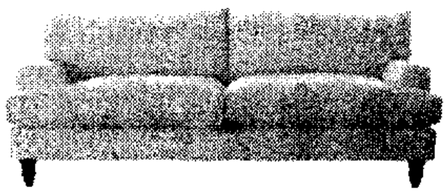

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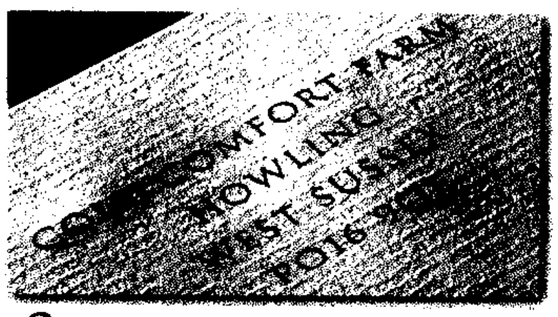

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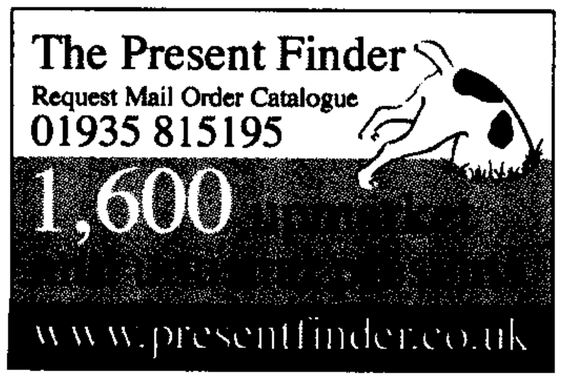

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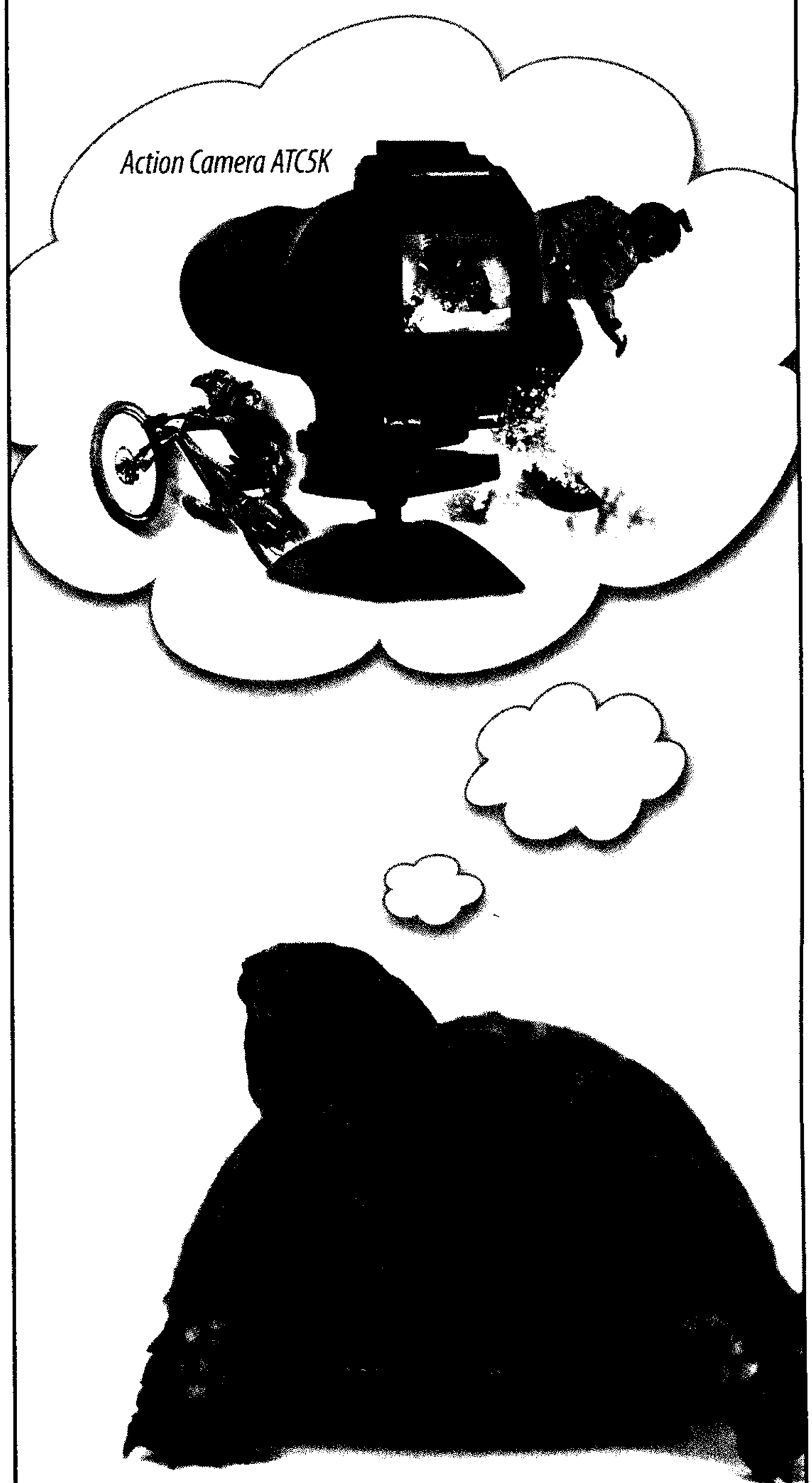

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